Mills Rev. Wm. BLYTH

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

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EDITED BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

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TORONTO, Nov. 10th, 1885.

FOURTEEN YEARS' RECORD.

THE CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION commenced business on Nov. 1st, 1871, so that the first **Fourteen** years were completed on Oct. 31st, 1885. The success which has attended the Association has more than fulfilled the expectations entertained at the outset, and its position to-day as one of the leading financial institutions of Canada, is most gratifying to its friends.

The following record of what has been done for the **Policy-Holders** is interesting and instructive:—

Paid for Death claims,	$467,095 00
Paid to holders of Endowment Policies,	25,848 00
Paid for **Cash** surrender values,	77,118 00
Paid **Cash** profits to **Policy-Holders**,	170,452 00
Loaned to Policy-Holders on their Policies,	38,012 00
Paid to Holders of Annuity Bonds,	11,426 00
Premiums returned,	320 00
Total,	$790,271 00

In addition to the $170,452 **Cash** profits already paid to the **Policy-Holders**, there will have accrued at the close of the present year (estimated) the further large sum of from $190,000 to $200,000; which will be still further increased at the end of the current quinquennium (31st Dec., 1886), to $250,000, and probably more, or about **Twice** the amount of the Policy-Holders' share of surplus at the close of the **Second** Quinquennium (Dec. 31st, 1881).

Add to the above the fact that the Association holds **One and a Quarter Million Dollars** as a Policy-Reserve Liability, and some idea will be had of what one of **Our Own Institutions** has done for its **Policy-Holders.**

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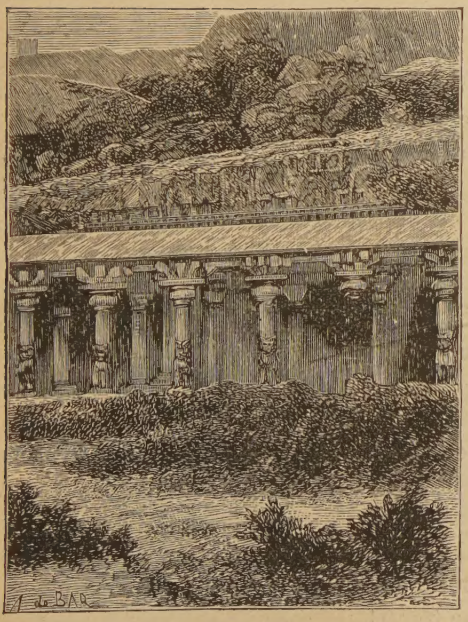
CAVE OF ELEPHANTA, NEAR BOMBAY.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

II.



ENTRANCE TO SUBTERRANEAN TEMPLES AT MAHAVALIPUR.

THE only fine art in which the Hindus surpass is that of architecture,* and even in this the finest examples are the Saracenic architecture of the intruding Mahommedan conquerors and the architecture modified by Saracenic influence. The purely native temples, while impressive from their size and massiveness and elaborate sculpture, are often grotesque and tasteless, according to our Western standards. They generally assume a pyramidal form and are completely covered with sculptured designs, illustrating scenes and characters from

*To this should, perhaps, be added that of gold and silver-working and jewellery-making. Some of their filigree work and other kinds of jewellery are exquisite.

their pagan mythology. These are often monstrous in form and abhorrent to every sense of beauty and propriety. Several examples of these buildings are given in the engravings which accompany these articles. The Pagoda at Tanjore is a prevailing type.

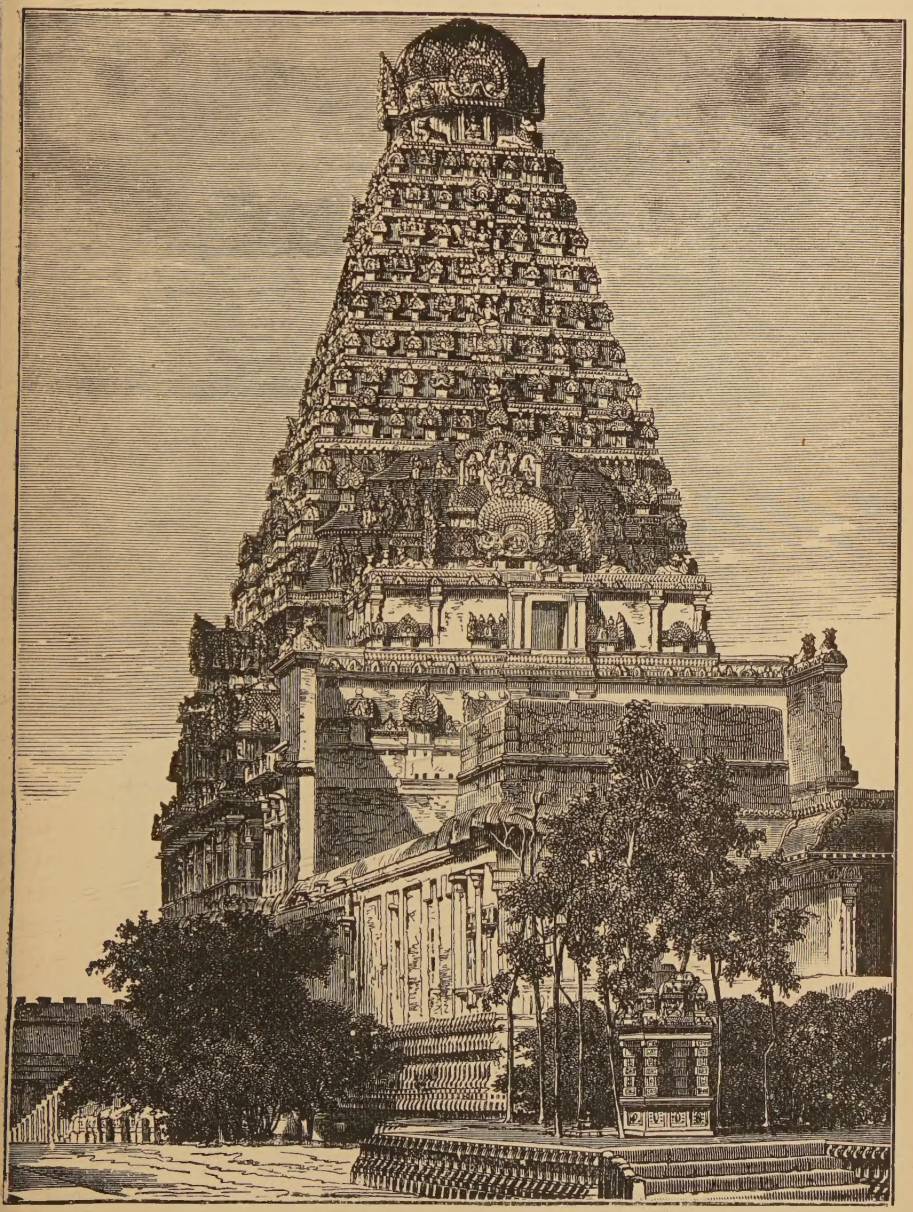
Of the beauty of design and skill of workmanship of the Saracenic architecture no praise can be too great. The most beautiful monument in the world is that built by the great Mogul, Shah Jehan, over his beautiful and beloved empress, Moomtaj. The garden in which the monument stands is on the bank of the river Jumna, about six miles from the city of Agra, in India. The mausoleum, the terrace upon which it stands, and the minarets, are all formed of the finest white marble, inlaid with precious stones. The dome is seventy feet in diameter, and shines like the purest silver. The Taj is two hundred and forty-five feet high, and the golden spire on the top is thirty feet more. Directly under the dome is the tomb of the beautiful empress, and that of the emperor is by its side. In the rotunda above are tombs decorated for display. A screen six feet high, with doors on the sides, surrounds them. The screen is of fine, pure marble, with open tracery wrought into beautiful flowers, and the borders of the screen inlaid with precious stones representing flowers, so skilfully done that the very shading of the stems, leaves, and flowers seems almost as real as that done by Nature's hand!

Nothing can be imagined more delicately beautiful than the work on the tomb of the empress. The snow-white marble is inlaid with flowers so exquisitely formed from the marble that they are said to look like the most beautiful embroidery on satin. In one flower, no larger than a silver dollar, there are twenty-three different precious stones, and some traveller asserts that he found no less than three hundred stones in a single blossom upon the tomb!

The dome which rises above all this beauty contains the most pure and prolonged echo to be found in the world. It has been truly said that "Love was the author, Beauty the inspiration," of this most wonderful of buildings.

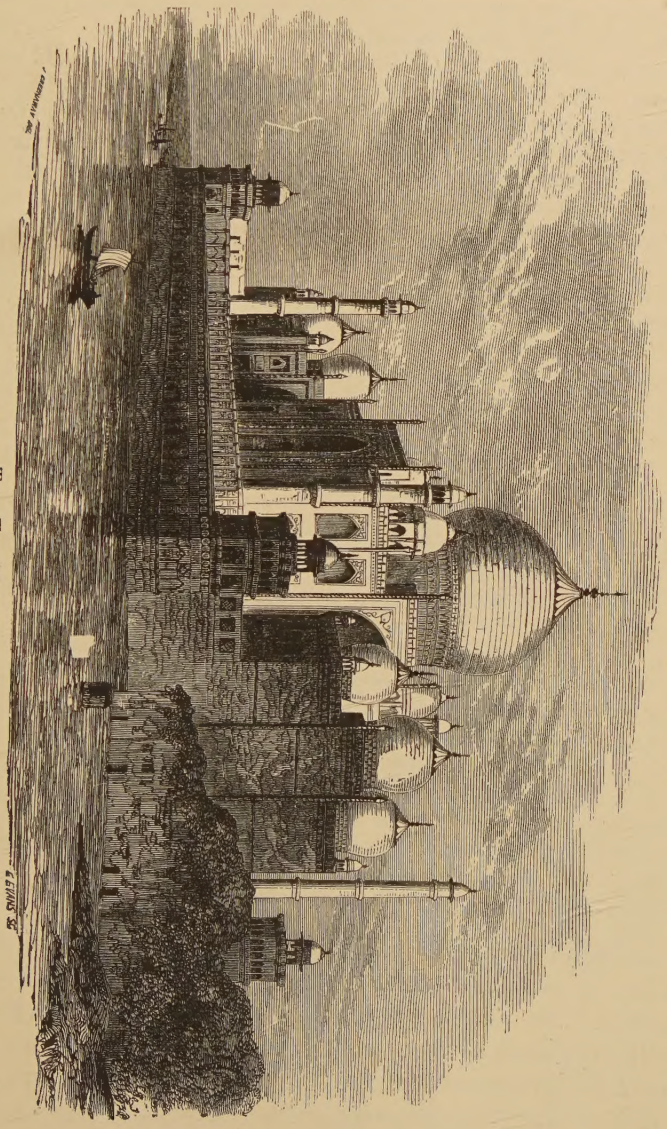
Bishop Hurst thus describes a recent visit to the Taj Mahal by moonlight:—

"The moon was at the full. The perfumes of the garden filled the air,



Pagoda, at Tanjore.

and the shadows of palms and ferns gave relief to the pearly whiteness of the scene. The stream which flowed through the garden seemed of molten silver, and we walked along its margin, and watched the play of its little



THE TAJ MAHAL.

ripples with rare delight. We were the only visitors, and that dead silence reigned which pervades all Eastern countries immediately after nightfall. As we walked up to the great marble terrace on which the Taj stands, the scene was one of indescribable grandeur. The view by day, wonderful as

it is, is far from repeated at night. Each time has its own way of revealing the Taj. The dome seems higher at night, as if a part of the very firmament and in living companionship with the moon and stars. The four slender and richly carved minarets appear as stairways up to the cloudy realm. The Jumna appeared of wider and swifter flow ; its surface was serene, and it laved either bank so gently that the current could hardly be heard. The place was of dreadful, but grand, silence.

"The walls now shot out their splendour from the inlaid stones of varied hues and fabulous price. These many coloured stones, thrown into vine and fruit and flower by the artist's skill, and into texts from the Koran, and climbing in delicate shapes up and about the vast building fairly blazed in the white moonlight. At certain angles the sight was dazzling even to pain.

"But within, the view was still more bewildering. The torch-lights shone through the marble lattice, and showed the pattern as the day could not. The goldstone and other precious stones which ornamented the enclosure of the mausoleum, appeared with more distinction of color and finish of workmanship than at either of the other times I had seen them. It was a garden of cold splendour in stone. Dr. Wilson had a plan which I did not know before—that after we had walked around in the Taj awhile with torches we should see the whole ablaze with Bengal lights. Suddenly they were let off, and the scene was totally changed. There was nothing that looked the same. That marvellous stone lattice with its embroidery of precious stones, had again changed hue and effect. The walls swept on in graceful curves, and fairly lost themselves in the intense glow of the light. The marble reliefs, such as the palm and the lotus, stood out in such clear and shining outlines as to make one think for the moment that they were not supported by any background. Then as a fitting completion of the view the dome rose above all this varied beauty in a firm and solid sweep, and the Bengal light threw up its force to the very topmost point and illuminated every block of the spotless marble.

"The charm lasted quite long enough. It was an overpowering effort, and called one into new sensations. We walked out of the Taj, down the steps, through the garden, and under the great gateway. Soon we were out of reach of the perfumes and splendour of the world's greatest tomb, and its finest tribute in stone to a woman's love and memory."

The Mausoleum of the Emperor Ackbar, at Agra, of which we gave a partial view in our August number, is another fine example. The interior architecture of these structures is exceedingly elaborate with lavish carving, as in the example on page 202. Frequent ablutions are part of the religious ceremonial of the Hindu worship. Therefore with these temples large tanks, surrounded by corridors, are an almost invariable feature, as shown in one of our engravings. The domestic architecture of the native bungalows or country houses is well illustrated by the engraving on page 201.

HINDU TEMPLE AND TANK.

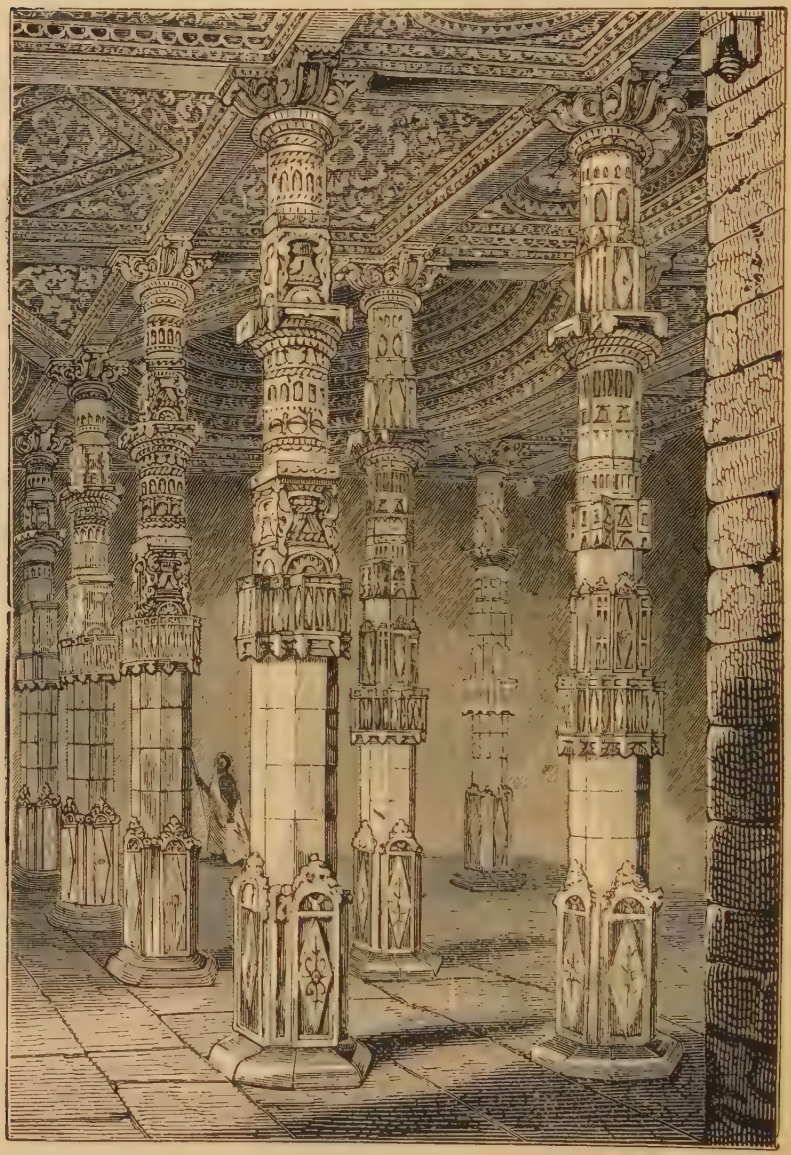
Strange examples of ancient Buddhist architecture are seen in the numerous rock temples of Southern India. The cave of Elephanta, shown in our frontispiece, is situated on an island six miles from Bombay. The cave is about 130 feet deep and equally wide, hollowed out of trap rock. The roof is twenty feet wide. The view from the dark interior to the bright sunlit landscape without is very striking. The walls are covered with mythological carvings, some exceedingly

Native Country House.

grotesque. Dr. Wilson enumerates thirty-seven groups of these caves, some containing over a hundred separate excavations. At Karli is a great hall forty yards long, twelve yards wide, and covered by a lofty vaulted dome, all cut out of the solid rock and dating from before the Christian era. Others date from the fifth to the ninth century of our era. See also initial cut to this chapter.

The races of India are so numerous and so varied that no one description will apply to them all. But they have one common characteristic. The great mass of the people are extremely

poor. The average wages of the ryot or peasant, in many districts, is not more than three cents a day. Their food is the very cheapest, boiled rice and a little ghee or butter and salt



INTERIOR OF HINDU TEMPLE.

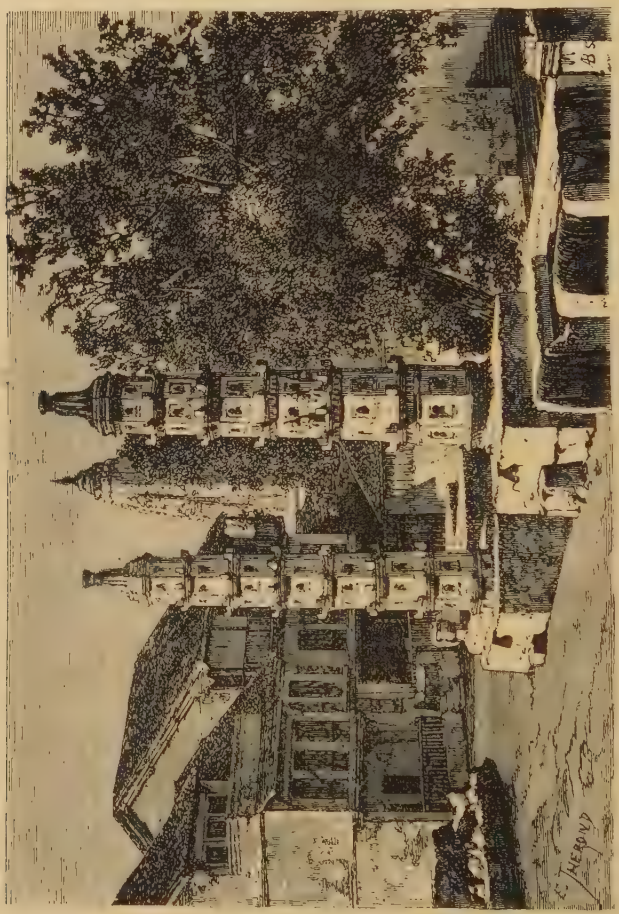
to give it a flavour. They almost never eat meat, and in the late great famine in Orissa two millions of people starved to death. Their scanty cotton clothing and the scanty furnishing of their wretched homes are of the cheapest and most meagre character. Yet from these impoverished people the native

Entrance to the Great Hall, Palace of Tirumala, Madura.

princes wrung, by cruel taxation, a revenue sufficient to maintain the oriental pomp and splendour of their courts, which led Milton to write of

> The wealth of Ormuz or of Inde,
> Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold

But British rule has greatly lessened the burdens of the natives and greatly increased their prosperity. Vast systems of irrigation have been constructed which will prevent such widespread famine as that of the province of Orissa, and the great trunk



Pagoda, Malabar Hill, near Bombay.

lines of railway will carry food wherever it is specially needed. Indeed, they furnish an outlet for the surplus crops of the interior, and Indian wheat is competing with that of Canada and the United States in the Corn Exchanges of Liverpool and London.

In many parts of India the most primitive mode of grinding

the grain is still in use. The mill is simply two round stones —one placed upon the other—two or three inches thick and about fifteen inches in diameter. In the upper stone a hole is drilled on one side, into which a wooden handle is driven, and

GRINDING GRAIN.

another hole in the centre, through which the grain passes and is ground by turning the upper stone upon the lower one.

As illustrated in the picture, the women sit opposite each other on a mat, with a cloth spread under the mill upon which the flour falls. After the grinding is finished they separate the chaff from the flour, then the coarse flour from the fine, by the use of a large fan made of bamboo splints in shape

much like a dustpan, but having no handle. It requires much practice to separate the flour, which is done by a peculiar shake of the fan.

MENDICANT FAKIR.

Another great staple of India is cotton. A very large proportion of all the cotton in the world comes from the peninsula.

Two of our pictures in a future number will illustrate phases of the cotton trade. The rate of wages is so low that India

Mendicant Fakir.

can compete with the world in the growth of this great essential of civilization. For ages the natives have been famous

for their skill in spinning and weaving cotton and muslin fabrics of exquisite fineness. Indeed the very word calico is said to come from Calicut or Calcutta, where it was largely manufactured. It is a striking illustration of the superiority of machinery to manual labor that the raw material can be carried nearly half way round the world and manufactured by the skilled and highly paid operatives of Lancashire, and returned to India and sold at such prices as defy local competition. The white cotton dresses and snowy turbans of the natives, contrasting with their swarthy skins, present a striking picture.

Many of them, however, wear almost no clothing. Especially is this the case with the fakirs, devotees or "holy men," as they are esteemed by the populace. One of these strange creatures is shown in our engraving, on page 206; his long hair, uncut for years, trailing on the ground; and another carrying sacred vessels in his hands, on page 207.

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed;
And if men hate thee have no care,
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep though thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou may'st look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

HEIDELBERG CASTLE—THE COURTYARD.

IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

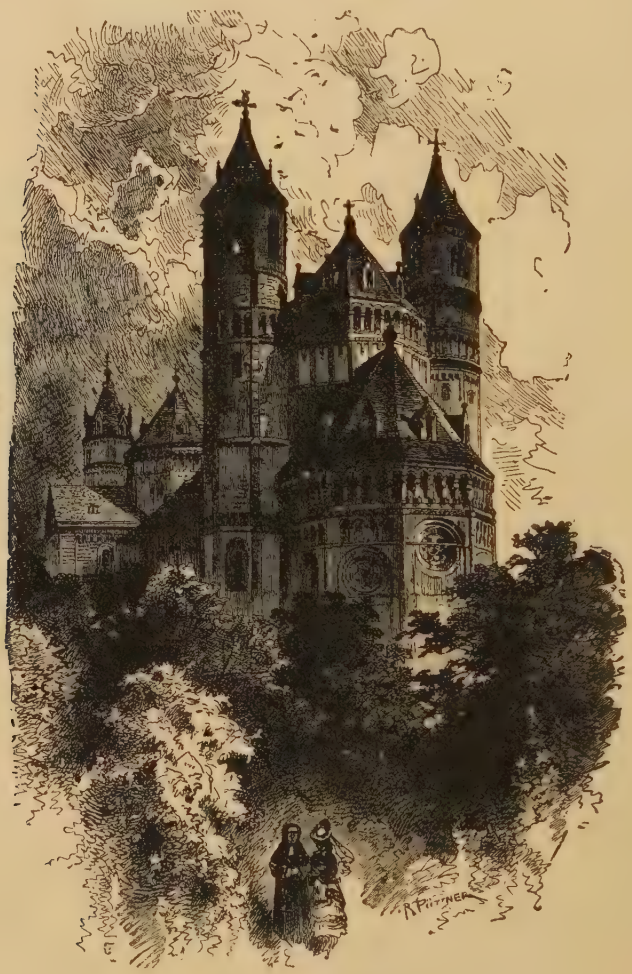
BY THE EDITOR.

No memories of the German Fatherland are more potent than those of the great Reformer, Martin Luther. With no mightier name can one conjure up the spirit of the past. I made, therefore, a devout pilgrimage to Worms, as the scene of one of the grandest conflicts for human freedom that ever took place. Worms is one of the most ancient, and in the middle ages was one of the most important, cities of Germany. It was destroyed by Atilla, rebuilt by Clovis, and here Charlemagne and his successors frequently resided. Its population of 70,000 in 1815 had dwindled to 5,000. It is now about 15,000. The chief glory of Worms, however, is its memories of Luther and its famous Luther Monument, which has been previously described and illustrated in this MAGAZINE.

Nowhere has Gothic architecture reached a grander development than in these old Rhine cities; and the two finest minsters in the world are, I think, those of Worms and Spires. Beautiful without and within—they are a glorious poem, a grand epic, a sublime anthem in stone. Even the grandeur of St. Peter's wanes before the solemn awe which comes over the soul beneath those vast and shadowy vaults. The one represents the perfect triumph of human achievement; the other the deep religious yearning and the unsatisfied aspiration of the spirit: the one the cold intellectual work of the Southern mind; the other the awe and mystery, and sublime emotions, of the Northern soul. These clustering columns; these dim forest-like vaults; these long-drawn aisles; the solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-coloured robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows, so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these wake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or renaissance architecture ever can.

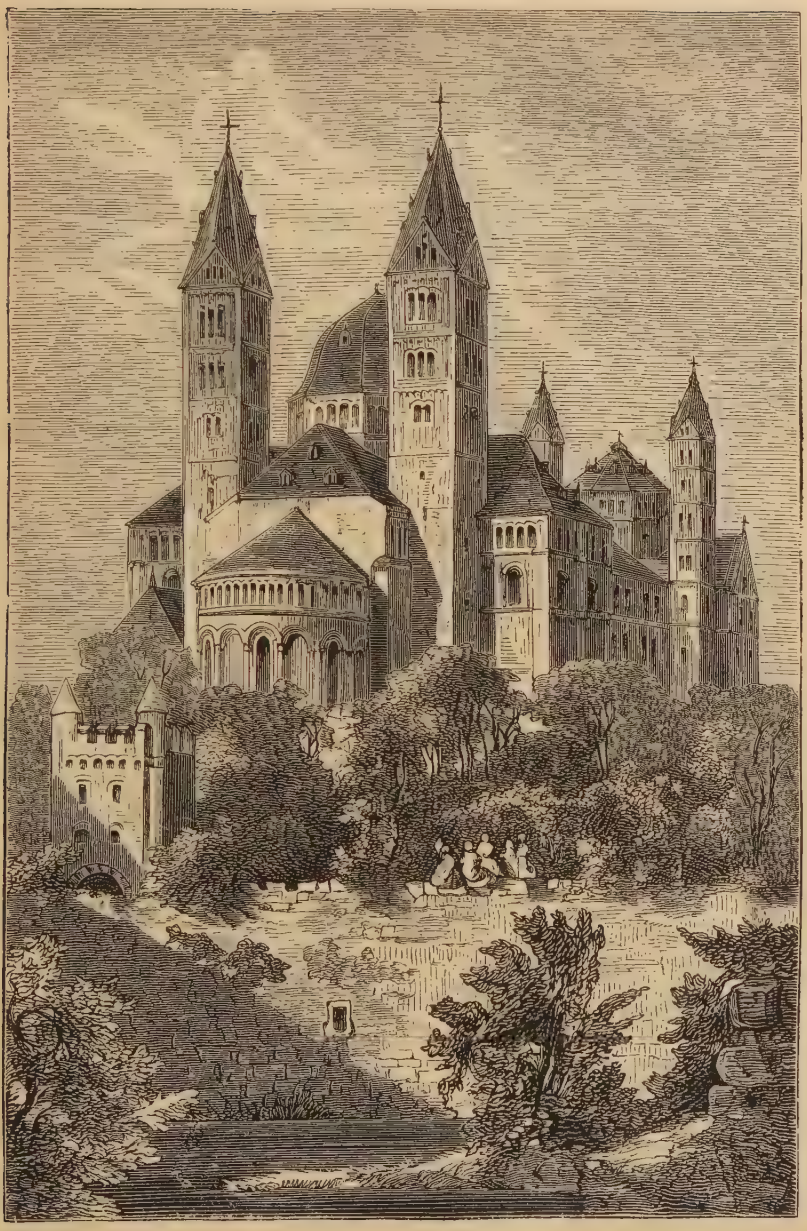
From the Luther-Platz I went to the old Romanesque cathedral, begun in the eighth century, in which the condemnation of Luther was signed by Charles V. It is 423 feet long.

The vaulted roof rises to the height of 105 feet, and four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. It is one of the finest specimens of Romanesque architecture in Germany. The carvings are very quaint. In one



CATHEDRAL AT WORMS.

the genealogy of our Lord is shown by a tree growing out of the body of David, from whose branches spring Christ's kingly ancestors, and from the top, as the consummate flower of all, appears the Virgin Mary. In this stern cradle of the Reformation a mass for the dead was being sung. When the procession



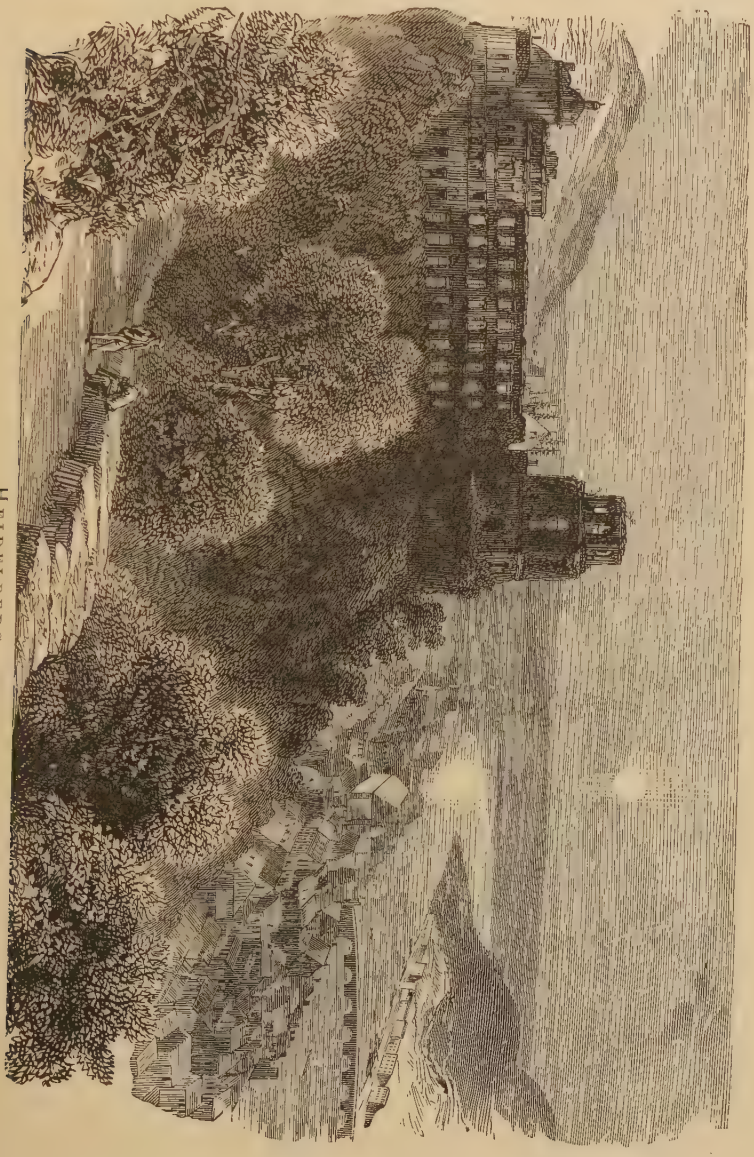
CATHEDRAL OF SPIRES.

of priests and nuns filed out, I was left alone to moralize upon the memories of the past. I afterwards wandered through the narrow streets and bustling market-place and depopulated suburbs, and tried to summon up the great world drama of the Diet of Worms, three centuries and a half ago.

The neighbouring city of Spires has another of these grand old Romanesque cathedrals—vaster still than that of Worms. It has had a strange, eventful history. Here the German Emperors were buried for hundreds of years, till their tombs were ransacked by the fierce soldiery of Louis XIV. Just a hundred years later, to the very day, the tombs of the French kings at St. Denis were similarly despoiled by German soldiers. It is from the protest of the Lutheran Princes, at the diet held in this church by Charles V., in 1529, that the name Protestant is derived.

Within a few miles of Spires is the quaint old town of Heidelberg. Its great attraction is the castle, once the finest in Europe, and now, next to the Alhambra, says Longfellow, the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages. Its older portions date from 1294, but it was frequently enlarged till it became of vast extent and extraordinary magnificence. It is a charming walk through the quaint old town and up the castle hill, now terraced into a stately pleasure-ground. The deep, wide moat, the massy walls and ivy-mantled towers—at once a fortress and a palace—have an air of stern feudal grandeur that I have seen nowhere else. After being the abode of kings and electors for four hundred years, it was captured by the French, consumed by fire, blown up by powder, and left the magnificent ruins we now behold. Beneath a grim portcullis, with its grate drawn up, we enter the great court-yard, shown in one of our engravings, once gay with tilt and tourney, with martial array or bridal train. All around are stately façades of various ages and of splendid architecture, adorned with exquisite arabesques, garlands of fruit and flowers, mouldings and fluting and lacework admirably carved in stone. In niches on the wall stands rows of knights in armour, and on the front of the Rittersaal the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable; but all, alas! marred and dismembered by the iron mace of war. We are led through vaulted corridors; through roofless banquet halls, where kings once feasted;

through a ruined chapel and up stone winding-stairs to the bower-chambers of fair queens and princesses—now open to



HEIDELBERG.

the owls and bats. In the great kitchen is a huge fire-place, big enough to roast an ox, an evidence of the royal hospitality of ancient days. The *Gesprengte Thurm*, or "shattered tower,"

was, as its name signifies, blown up by the French. One-half of its cliff-like wall, twenty-one feet in diameter, fell into the moat, and, after two hundred years, still lies an unbroken mass. On the ruined "Elizabeth Tower," built for the daughter of James I. of England, grows a tall linden, and in her bridal chamber the swallows make their nests. An air of desolation mantles over all.

In an old gallery is preserved a collection of historic portraits, relics, and antique furniture, china, embroidery, ornaments, and weapons of former inmates of the castle. I was specially interested in the portraits of the fair English princess, Elizabeth, the hapless mistress of these stately halls; of Maria Theresa, of Luther and his wife, and in the wedding-ring with which he espoused the gentle nun.

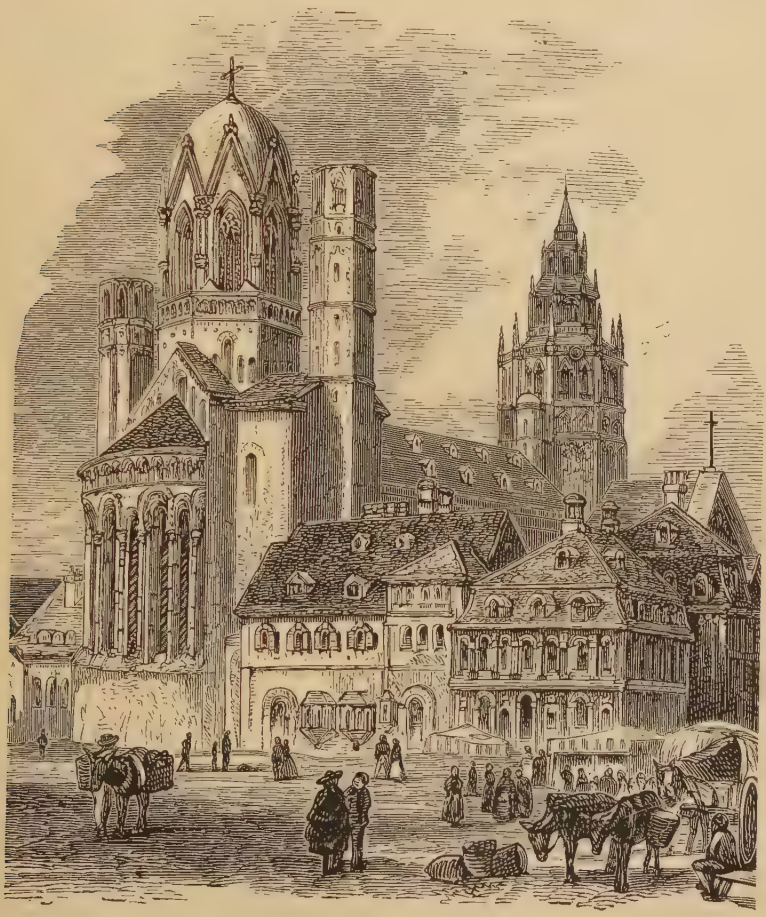
From the castle terrace overhanging the valley, I enjoyed a glorious sunset view of the lovely Neckar, winding among the vine-clad slopes of the forest-billowed Odinwald—the ancient haunt of the "Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein"—and the more remote "blue Alsatian Mountains."

It was a students' fête day, the schloss garden was full of merry-makers, and at night the old castle was illuminated with coloured Bengal lights. Every window, which in daytime looks like the eyeless socket of a skull, and every loop-hole and cranny was ablaze, as if with the old time revelry of the vanished centuries, or with the awful conflagration by which it was destroyed. A thunderstorm swept down the valley, and the firing of the old cannon on the castle ramparts blended with volleys of "heaven's loud artillery."

The famous university, with seven hundred students, dating from 1386, occupies a large plain building. The students wear a jaunty scarlet cap with a broad gold band. I saw on the cheek of one a great scar of a sabre slash, received in a student's duel, to which these golden youth are much addicted. The Church of the Holy Ghost is unique, I think, in this respect, that it is occupied in common by Catholics and Protestants. In 1705 a wall was built between the choir and nave, and the two churches have ever since conducted their service under the same roof.

Mayence (in German Mainz) is one of the most important towns on the Rhine. It is a strongly fortified place of 60,000

inhabitants, with a garrison of 8,000, at the junction of the Main and Rhine. Here a Roman fortress was built by Drusus, B.C. 14. Here Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, in 751, set up his See. He was the son of an English wheelwright, and assumed as his seal a pair of wheels. To this day, after twelve



Mayence Cathedral.

hundred years, these are still the arms of the city. The Cathedral, a huge structure of red sandstone, 522 feet long, is of several dates, from 978. Its massive dome and towers are seen in the engraving rising above the surrounding houses. It is filled with monuments of much historic interest, from the

13th century. Here lived Guttenburg, the German inventor of printing, 1440. His statue, house, and printing office are shown.

On every side are evidences of a stern military domination. The largest buildings in the city—great stone structures—are barracks, full of soldiers. At the gates are sentry-boxes, painted with black and white chevrons. Infantry in spiked helmets, cavalry, and artillery parade the streets; massive ramparts, with a deep fosse, surround the city; and ancient gate-towers tell of its warful history.

The octagonal tower of St. Stephen's Church rises majestically to the height of 327 feet. At the top is a watchman, always on the look-out for fires. If one wishes to ascend he rings a bell at the foot of the tower, when the watchman throws down the key in a bag, and expects his visitor to bring it up. I was very tired, and did not know what might be the consequence if I failed to carry the key up to the top, so I did not ring for it.

In sailing down the legend-haunted Rhine, I travelled leisurely, stopping at the more interesting points—Bingen, Coblentz, Bonn, and Cologne. At Bingen, a charming old town, I climbed a hill to an ancient castle on the site of a Roman fortress. A pretty young girl did the honours, showing the old banners, antique furniture and portraits of the mediæval barons, who held that eagle's eyrie against all comers; and pointing out the glorious view of the lovely Rhine valley, with the wine-covered Neiderwald, Rudesheim, Johannisberg, and other richest wine-growing regions in the world.

Between Bingen and Bonn lies the most picturesque part of the many-castled Rhine, whose every crag, and cliff, and ruined tower is rich in legendary lore. It winds with many a curve between vine-covered slopes, crowned with the grim strongholds of the robber knights, who levied toll on the traffic and travel on this great highway of central Europe—even a king on his way to be crowned has been seized and held till ransomed. When they could no longer do it by force, they did it under the forms of law, and, till comparatively late in the present century, trade had to run the gauntlet of twenty-nine custom houses of rival states on the Rhine. As this famous river has been already described with pen and pencil in this MAGAZINE, we refer here to only its more striking features.

There are over a hundred steamers on the Rhine, many of them very large, splendid, and swift. More than a million tourists travel on these steamers every season, not to mention those by the railway on each side of the river. A Rhine steamer, like a Swiss hotel, offers a fine opportunity to study the natural history of the genus tourist, of many lands and many tongues. The French and Germans are very affable, and are very fond of airing their English, however imperfect it may be.

The Rheinstein is a wonderfully picturesque, many-towered old castle, dating from 1279, perched on a rocky cliff, accessible only by a narrow path. It is the Vautsberg of Longfellow's "Golden Legend." The poet's lines vividly photograph the view of the Rhine valley from its crumbling ramparts:

> Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
> As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
> First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
> How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
> Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
> The consecrated chapel on the crag,
> And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
> Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet
> And looking up at His beloved face!

The Falkenburg, a famous marauder's castle, was besieged by the Emperor Rudolph in the 13th century, and all its robber knights hanged from its wall. Near by is a chapel, built to secure the repose of their souls. The name, Hungry Wolf, of one of these grim old strongholds, is significant of its ancient rapacity. The Lurlie Rock is a high and jutting cliff, on which is the profile of a human face. Here dwelt the lovely Siren of German song and story, who, singing her fateful song and combing her golden hair,* lured mariners to their ruin in the rapids at her feet. Two cannon on deck were fired off, and woke the wild echoes of the rock, which reverberated like thunder adown the rocky gorge. According to the veracious legend, the Neibelungen treasure is buried beneath the Lurlen-

* Heine's song on this subject is one of the most popular:—

Sie kammt es mit goldenem Kamme,	With a golden comb she combs it,
Und singt ein Lied dabei;	And sings so plaintively; [cents
Das hat eine wundersame,	O potent and strange are the ac-
Gewaltige Melodei.	Of that wild melody.

berg, if the gnomes, offended at the railway tunnel through their ancient domain, have not carried it off. The fair daughters of the Schönburg, for their stony-heartedness, were changed, says another legend, into the group of rocks named the Seven Virgins.

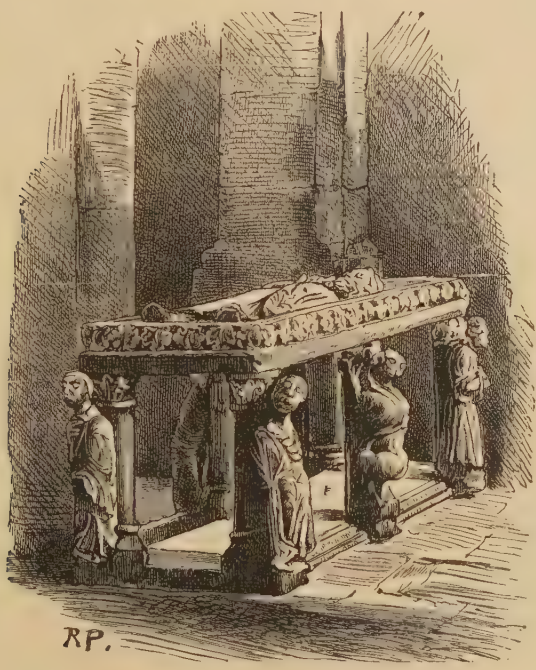
Bonn Cathedral.

At Boppard, a quaint old timbered town, the lofty twin spires of the church are connected, high in air, by the strangest gallery ever seen. Past many another grim stronghold we pass, where wild ritters kept their wild revels.

> And many a tower, for some fair mischief won,
> Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.
> There was a day when they were young and proud,

Banners on high and battles passed below ;
But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

The narrow streets and old gates and churches of Coblentz are very queer. On the clock tower a bearded mechanical figure forever rolls his eyes and opens his mouth in a very ridiculous manner.



Tomb of Conrad Kurzbold.

Crossing the bridge of boats, I climbed by many a zigzag between frowning walls, to the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine. During this century, $6,000,000 have been spent on this impregnable fortress. Its garrison is 5,000 men. A soldier conducted me through barracks and bastions, declaiming volubly in gutturals which seemed to choke him, about I don't know what. From the summit, 400 feet above the river, one of the grandest views in Europe is disclosed. Below, the turbid stream of the Moselle joins the clear current of the Rhine, and the whole course of the latter, from

Stolzenfels to Andernach, may be traced as in a map. Our own St. Lawrence, as seen from the citadel of Quebec, is as large as half a dozen Rhines. While hundreds of soldiers were lounging about in enforced idleness, I saw women unloading army stores from a railway van. "Woman's rights" in Europe struck me as woman's wrongs. Women had better endure a little civil disability than encounter the fierce struggle for unwomanly work with man.

Taking the steamer again, we stop at Neuwied, a Moravian town; Andernach, with its ancient walls, gates, towers, and bastions, and its quaint legend of the carved Christ who came down nightly from the cross to do works of charity through the town; and Hammerstein, a place of refuge for the Emperor, Henry IV., who did penance three days in the snow at Canossa. The view of Rolandseck, the lofty summits of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, and the towering peak, 900 feet above the river, where

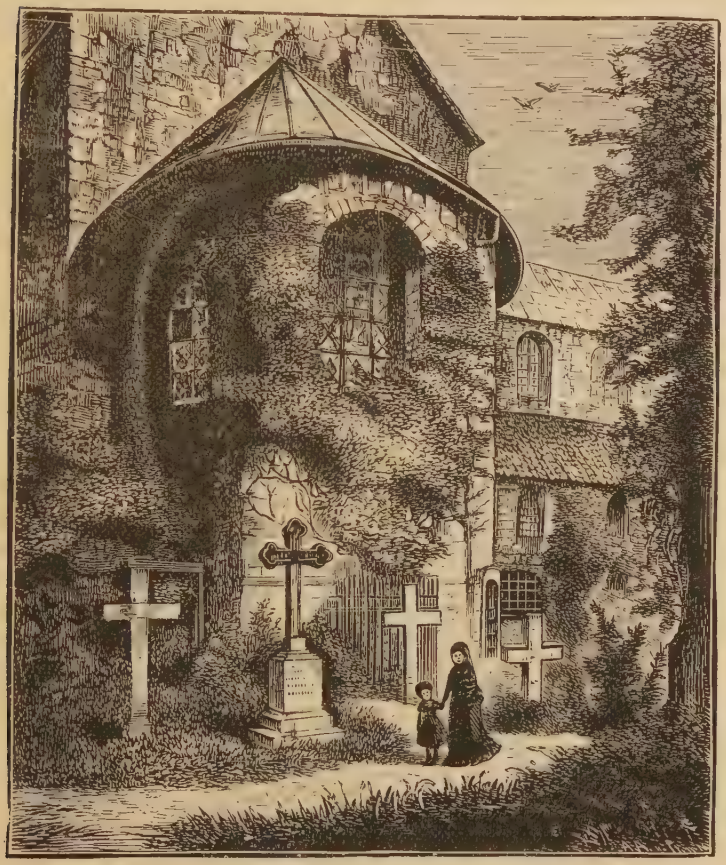
> The castled crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
> Whose breast of water proudly swells
> Between the banks that bear the vine,
> And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
> And fields that promise corn and wine,
> And scattered cities crowning these,
> Whose far white walls along them shine,

is one of the richest in natural beauty and romantic association of any in this lovely land. Rolandsbogen is a solitary crumbling arch on a lofty hill, the sole relic of the castle of the brave knight Roland, the Paladin of Charlemagne, who fell at Ronceval.*

I stopped at the ancient town of Bonn, with a fine university the largest in Germany, occupying the old electoral palace, 600

* Another legend is that Count Roland, affianced to the peerless Princess Hildegunde, joined a crusade and was reported slain by the infidels. The inconsolable Hildegunde became a nun, and took refuge in a neighbouring kloster of Nonnenwerth. Roland, though desperately wounded, recovered and returned to claim his bride, only to find her lost to him forever. In his despair he built the castle of which only the crumbling arch remains, and there lived in solitude, catching rare glimpses of his lost Hildegunde passing to her devotions in the kloster chapel, or watching the gleam of her taper at the convent lattice At length he missed the fair form and the

yards in length. On an old bastion is a bronze statue of Arndt, the author of the "Wacht am Rhein," pointing with his right



HILDESHEIM CATHEDRAL, AND OLD ROSE TREE.

hand to the storied stream that he loved so well. Here was born Beethoven, whose fine statue was inaugurated by Queen

faint taper ray; and soon the knelling of the kloster bell, and the mournful procession of nuns, told him that his beloved Hildegunde had passed away from earth forever. From that hour he never spoke again; his heart was with the dead; and one morning he was found rigid and cold, his death-filmed eye still turned, as in its last look in life, toward the convent chapel. This tender tale of love and sorrow still speaks to the heart across the centuries with a strange spell; and we gaze with a pathetic interest on the crumbling tower and on the kloster chapel which still looks forth from its embowering trees.

Victoria. It bears simply the inscription, "Ludwig von Beethoven, geboren zu Bonn, 1770"—nothing more. The mediæval cloisters of the Romanesque cathedral are very interesting. The monumental effigies in the old churches of this Rhine

Bayard Taylor.

valley are often characterized by an elaborate grotesqueness that seems very incongruous on a tomb. Of this, the figures on the tomb of Conrad Kurzbold are a striking example. The suburbs are beautiful, and in the quiet "Gottesaker" sleeps the dust of Niebuhr, Bunsen, Schumann, Arndt, and other famous men, and here Lange lives.

Another of the most interesting cathedrals of the Fatherland is that of the ancient abbey of Hildesheim, whose curious apses and famous climbing rose are shown in the engraving on page 221.

The illustrious traveller whose portrait we give has an intimate relationship to Fatherland, which will warrant its introduction here, as at the time of his death he was the Minister of his native country at the court of Germany. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1825. His education was obtained from a country school, and at seventeen he entered a printing office, using his spare hours for study. He determined to go to Europe, and fixed his mind upon this to such purpose that he was appointed correspondent to newspapers in New York. Then he set out on foot to travel through England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France. His experiences are related in "Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff," which he published upon his return. He made another famous trip, spending twenty-eight months in the East, and visiting different parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe. The qualities that distinguished his youth—earnestness and simplicity—grew with his manhood, and the poor newspaper correspondent who entered Germany on foot became thirty years afterwards the honored Minister from the United States to the German Empire.

THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD.

LAST eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime ;
Then looking in I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon ;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

—*The Current.*

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

ANCIENT AQUEDUCT, EPHESUS.

THE Asia here spoken of is, of course, that Lesser Asia between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. More correctly it is that portion of it included in the Turkish province of Anatolia, and derives a special interest from its association with the Seven Cities where Christian Churches were planted by the apostles of our Lord; the Seven Cities favoured with the ministrations of the Evangelist John; the Seven Cities to whose communities of believers was addressed the Apocalyptic Epistle —the Book of Revelation.

As to when and where this Epistle was written we have the testimony of St. John himself, who distinctly declares that he was favoured with the Apocalyptic vision during his sojourn in Patmos.

Patmos is a small, rugged island off the south-western coast of Asia Minor—one of a numerous group called the Sporades. It is a mass of barren rock, about fifteen or sixteen miles in circuit, with a bold, precipitous coast, broken up by headlands

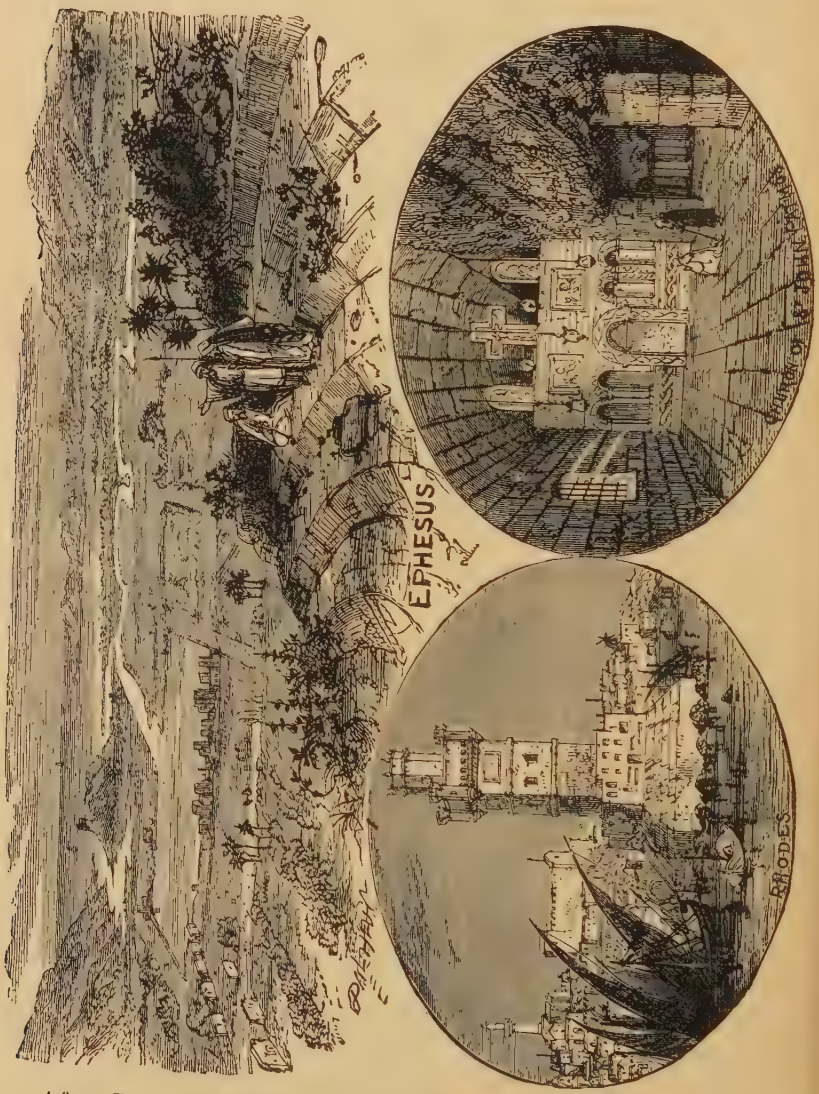
and bays. In the centre it rises up in a lofty mountain, crowned by the little town of Patmo, with, midway, a natural grotto, which tradition reports to have been the scene of St. John's Apocalyptic visions. The apostle was banished here during the persecution of the Christians which took place in the reign of the Roman Emperor Domitian—that is, about 95 or 96 A.D.

Ephesus.

Ancient Ephesus, which excelled even Smyrna in wealth and magnificence, was situated near the mouth of the river Cayster, embosomed in groves and gardens, and sheltered by encircling mountains. Attracted by the loveliness of the spot, the Ionians, upwards of one thousand years before the birth of our Lord, founded a city there, which grew with a marvellous growth. It was speedily celebrated throughout Asia for its palaces, its marts and its temples, and especially for the splendid edifice raised in honour of Diana, or Artemis, the goddess of the moon. No less than seven times was this temple destroyed, and seven times rebuilt with increased splendour. In the third century before Christ, it was restored on a scale of surprising magnificence. It measured 425 feet in length, by 220 feet in breadth. Of the marble columns which adorned it, and were each 60 feet in height, one hundred and twenty-seven were donations from kings and princes. Very proud were the heathen of this gorgeous edifice, and very confident that it would endure for ages. It was, however, but short-lived. It was first plundered by the Roman Emperor Nero, who carried off an immense booty in gold and silver; and afterwards by the Goths, who reduced it to a mass of ruins.

It was on his third famous journey that St. Paul first visited this licentious but magnificent city, which was then the mercantile capital of Asia Minor, and here he planted a Christian Church (Acts xviii. 19–21). Paul continued to reside in Ephesus for two years, and Christianity during this period was greatly accelerated by the wonderful cures he effected (Acts xix. 11, 12). Multitudes eagerly came forward and gave up to the flames their charms, their amulets, their images of Diana, and their magical books, in such quantities, that their total value was computed at 50,000 pieces of silver, or about £1,600 of our money (Acts xix. 17–19). Hereupon the artisans, in-

stigated by a certain Demetrius, raised a popular tumult, and for the space of two hours the multitude cried out "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."



After Paul's departure, the Christian Church continued for awhile to thrive, and at one time enjoyed the high honour of receiving the ministrations of St. John. The banishment of the apostle to the rocky solitudes of Patmos may probably

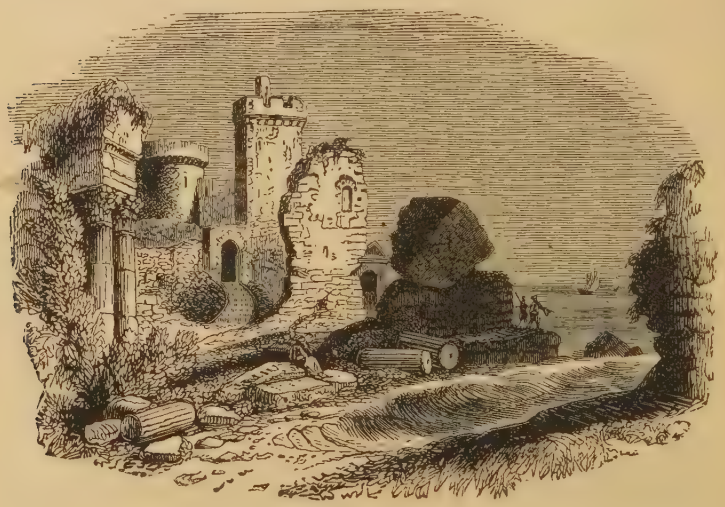
have originated in a local disturbance at Ephesus. After this event the Church would seem in some measure to have declined from the high standard of its early faith, and the venerable apostle, inspired by his Divine Master, addressed its "angel," or minister, in words breathing the most earnest devotion:—

"I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil: and thou hast tried them which say

Church of St. John, Ephesus.

they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars: and hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast laboured, and hast not fainted. Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent" (Rev. ii. 2–5).

In the eleventh century Ephesus was captured and razed to the ground by the Turks, and its present condition is a strange and startling contrast to its ancient pride of place. The sea has receded from its original margin; what was once a busy harbour is now a dreary and desolate marsh; and the former extent of the city can only be traced by a solitary watch-tower, and some fragments of masonry on the grassy hill. Part of its site is now a ploughed field. Of its Temple of Diana not a trace is extant. There remain, indeed, considerable ruins of the theatre, which was connected with so memorable an event



Ruins of Ephesus.

in Paul's history. A miserable Turkish village, called Aiasaluk, is also situated some distance inland; and these are all the signs the stranger can discover of the once splendid seat of pagan worship. The candlestick truly has been removed out of its place.

Smyrna.

One of the fairest cities of Asia Minor, and second in importance of the Seven Churches, is Smyrna; beautifully situated at the head of a gulf of the Archipelago—its shining walls and glittering terraces partly extending along the vine-clad shore, and partly stretching up the gentle slope of Mount Pagus, whose summit is crowned by a ruined citadel.

We suppose it now contains a population of about 150,000 inhabitants. But these are not all Turks or Mohammedans; at least one-half are Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Europeans.

Smyrna is a very ancient city. It was one of the seven cities which claimed the honour of having been the birth-place of Homer, the great Greek poet, who sang of the Trojan war. Such was the renown of its wealth, that men called it "The crown of Ionia," and "The jewel of Asia."

The Christian religion was introduced soon after the death of our Saviour, probably by one of the apostles. To the "angel," or pastor, of the Church of Smyrna St. John wrote wise words of warning, counsel and encouragement, from his retreat in the Isle of Patmos. Its members were not rich in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and hope, and the assurance of immortal life.

"I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty," writes St. John, recording the words of the Saviour, "(but thou art rich,) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. ii. 9, 10).

In the "crown of life" reference is supposed to be made to a rite observed by the pagan inhabitants of the city They were wont to present a crown to the priest who had superintended the worship of their gods, on the expiration of his term of office. Not such a crown as this, says St. John, will be given unto the faithful Christian; but an infinitely more glorious one—an incorruptible crown—a crown of life.

From the words of the apostle, it is evident that the Church in Smyrna was exposed to severe persecution, both from the Jews and the heathen. Among the earliest and most distinguished victims of this cruelty was the saintly Polycarp, the pupil of St. John, from whose lips he had often heard the wondrous tale of our Lord's doings upon earth, and by whom, in conjunction with the bishops of the other Christian Churches, he was appointed Bishop of Smyrna (about 104 A.D). The tomb of the martyr may still be seen.

Of the ancient city, which mortals once extolled as "The crown of Ionia," and "The ornament of Asia," scarcely a vestige remains. Of the exquisite treasures of art collected here by the elegant genius of the Greeks, the most curious explorer can hardly discover a trace.

Pergamos.

Bergamos, now called *Bergama,* was anciently one of the most distinguished of the Seven Churches. It is situated on the river Caïcus (or Bakir), and is supposed to have been of

Greek origin. It became an illustrious seat of learning, and rejoiced in the possession of a splendid library. It glittered with baths and palaces, aqueducts, amphitheatres, fountains, statues, with all the evidences of artistic luxury and boundless wealth. Strangers were attracted thither from all parts of the world by the fame of its riches, its magnificence, and its learning; and in the time of our Saviour it stood conspicuous as the brightest and most prosperous of all the Asiatic cities. Here was invented parchment; and so skilfully adapted to writing purposes, that it received the name of *Pergamena—Charta pergamena*—whence comes our English word.

Pergamos.

The doctrines of Christ were early preached in this famous city, and early found believers; but as might have been expected from its devotion to luxurious arts and magical studies, numerous false teachers soon arose, who corrupted the pure faith, and led astray the souls of men. Some disciples there were who remained steadfast and unwavering, but the number of the ungodly was so great that the Saviour, in His message to the Seven Churches, could not but express His Divine indignation when addressing the Church of Pergamos:—

"I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth. But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols, and to commit fornication. . . . . Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth." (Rev. ii. 13, 14).

Of the martyr Antipas, said to have been the first bishop of the city, nothing certain is known. When Pergamos fell into decay is uncertain. It is now, however, like so many other Asiatic cities, a pile of ruins.

The few miserable inhabitants of the modern town pretend to point out the very church where the disciples assembled to whom John's message was addressed, the Church of Agios Theologos, and also the tomb of Antipas. With the sword of His mouth has the Divine Redeemer fought against Pergamos, and its present desolation is an impressive commentary on its past vices and ancient magnificence.

Thyatira.

Finely situated in a broad, open plain, a little to the south of the river Hyllus, stands Thyatira, now known as *Ak-hissar*, or the White Castle. It was one of the Seven Churches included in the ministrations of St. John, who, in his Saviour's name, thus addressed its angel:—

"I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works; and the last to be more than the first" (Rev. ii. 19).

After complaining, however, of the sinful lenity with which the Christian brotherhood seem to have regarded certain glaring vices, and threatening sinners with severe chastisement, the message continues:—

"But unto you I say, and unto the rest in Thyatira (as many as have not this doctrine, and which have not known the depths of Satan, as they speak), I will put upon you none other burden" (Rev. ii. 24).

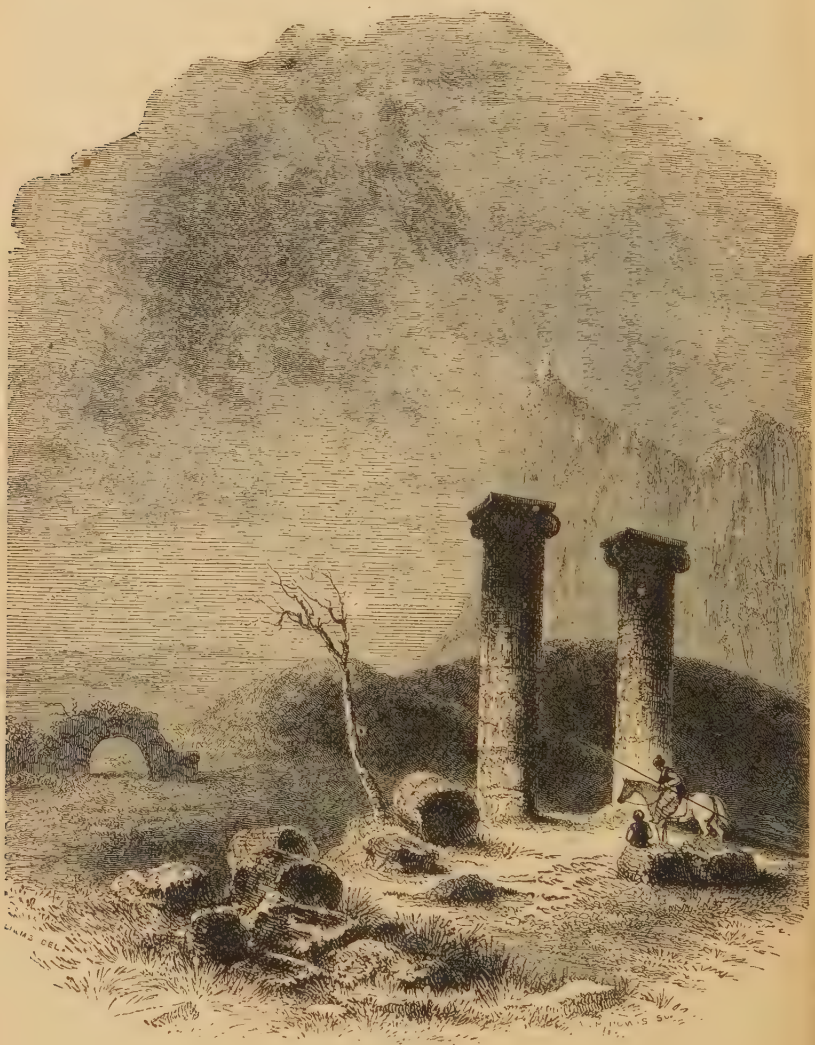
The present population of the not unpicturesque town which occupies the site of the ancient Thyatira, cannot exceed 1000 families, of whom about 400 are Greek and Armenian Christians.

Its appearance, as you approach it, is that of a very long line of cypresses, poplars, and other trees, amidst which the minarets of several mosques shine brightly, and the roofs of a few houses are conspicuous. On the left is a view of distant hills, whose verdant crest is continued over the town.

THYATIRA.

In the epistle addressed by the Evangelist to the Church at this place we read of "that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess." This may not have been, as some writers suppose, a sect of evil workers personified, but, says Trench, a wicked woman in the Church of Thyatira, inheriting from the

wicked wife of Ahab (1 Kings xvi. 30, 31) this name of infamy in the Church of God, and following hard in her footsteps.



SARDIS.

Poetically famous in ancient song and legend was the river Pactolus, on whose green banks was formerly situated Sardis, the chief city of the kingdom of Lydia. Five centuries and a half before the birth of Christ it was the capital of Crœsus, a

mighty and magnificent monarch, whose name has grown into a proverb for immense wealth. A Christian Church was founded here soon after the death of Christ. From the message addressed to it by St. John, it is plain, however, that its members were slothful in well-doing, and deficient in earnest, living faith.

"I know thy works," says the Saviour, "that thou hast a name that thou livest, and—*art dead.* . . . Remember how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent. If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee" (Rev. iii. 1–3, etc.).

The modern name of Sardis is *Sart*, a poor, miserable village, inhabited chiefly by shepherds, and situated somewhat to the north of the remains of the ancient city.

The ruins of Sardis are remarkable for their grandeur. The village and its vicinity boast of two of the most interesting remains of antiquity in Asia—the colossal tumuli of the Lydian kings, and the vast Ionic temple of Cybele near the bank of the Pactolus. There is also a theatre, and vestiges of a large church.

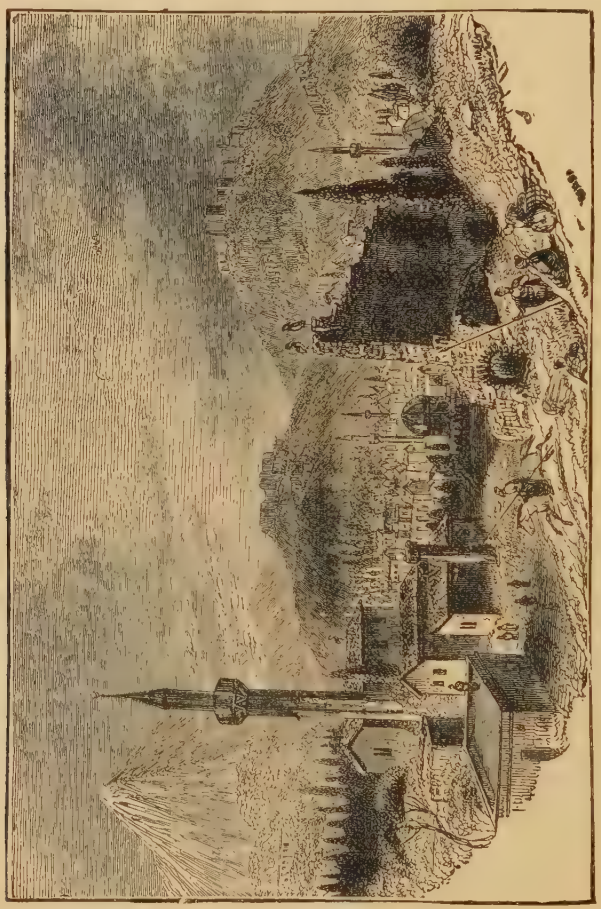
Philadelphia.

Mount Tmolus, with its lofty form, overlooks the city of Philadelphia, so called from its founder, Attalus II., who was surnamed Philadelphus, in honour of his brotherly affection.

Several times it suffered severely from earthquake, but was always rebuilt by the industry of its inhabitants, who have ever been famous throughout Asia Minor for the purity of their morals. In common with several other Asiatic cities, it embraced the doctrines of Christianity, and with a fervour which earned for it the praise of the Divine Lord. He spoke to the head of its Christian Church in assuring and hopeful terms:—

"I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. . . . Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. . . . Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God" (Rev. iii. 8–12).

It is a curious illustration of this verse that among the ruins of the ancient city rises a tall solitary pillar; and in like manner, among the ruined towns of Asia Minor stands Philadelphia—or, as it is now called, *Ala-Shehr*, "The Beautiful City"—erect and unshaken. It still contains a population of about 15,000, one-twelfth of whom call themselves Christians; so that a



PHILADELPHIA.

Christian Church has been preserved here throughout the vicissitudes of eighteen centuries—the "door" has been "kept open," and no man dare shut it!

The remains of the churches and temples of the ancient Philadelphia are interesting, and its inhabitants profess to point

out the building wherein those disciples assembled who received the apostolic message of St. John.

We close our account of Philadelphia with a remarkable passage from the historian Gibbon :—

"In the loss of Ephesus the Christians deplored the fall of the first angel, the extinction of the first candlestick of the Revelation: the desolation is complete; and the Temple of Diana or the Church of Mary will equally elude the search of the curious traveller. The circus and three stately theatres of Laodicea are now peopled with wolves and foxes; Sardis is reduced to a miserable village; the God of Mahomet is invoked in the mosques of Thyatira and Pergamos; and the populousness of Smyrna is supported by the foreign trade of the Franks and Armenians. Philadephia alone has been saved."

Laodicea.

More than forty miles to the east of Ephesus was situated Laodicea, now known as *Eski-hissar*, or the Old Castle. At an early period it became the seat of a Christian Church. Its inhabitants were distinguished by their successful cultivation of the arts and sciences, and especially by the famous medical school which they supported. It was owing, perhaps, to their cold philosophical culture that those among them who had embraced Christianity called forth the rebuke of the Saviour by their want of zeal and enthusiasm :—

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see." (Rev. iii. 15–18).

In 363 Laodicea was still of so much importance that one of those gatherings of bishops and priests, known as Councils, was held here, and determined the arrangement of the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments. In 1255 it was ravaged by the Turks, again in 1402, when it was literally razed to the ground. It is now a pile of mouldering ruins. "It is even more solitary," says a traveller, "than Ephesus—sitting in widowed loneliness—its walls grass-grown—its temple desolate

—its very name perished! The threatening is accomplished; it now stands rejected of God and deserted of man—its glory a ruin—its name a reproach."

In the East, under Ottoman rule, a blight seems to rest upon the fairest and most favoured lands on earth. The glory of the Seven Churches of Asia has departed; the candlesticks are removed out of their places, and thick darkness has settled upon the land. The beautiful myths of Homer and the sublime Gospel of Christ are alike forgotten, and the Turkish mosque has superseded both Pagan fane and Christian temple. As we contemplate these things we cannot help asking, Is it forever? Is there no resurrection for those nations? no regeneration for those lands? Yet, though oppression and superstition may have crushed and degraded the inhabitants, nature is eternal, and the golden sunlight falls, and the sapphire seas expand, and the purple mountains rise as fair and lovely as of yore. The valleys of the Orontes and Cayster and the slopes of Lebanon are no less beautiful and fertile to-day than in the time of their greatest prosperity and glory.

The Christian nations of the West are called upon by every principle of moral obligation and of human sympathy to reciprocate the benefits they originally received from the East It is theirs to carry to those dark lands the light of the Gospel, and the blessings of letters and civilization. Indications of the progress of Western ideas are already numerous and striking. The influence of Western civilization must have impressed the Sultan with the contrast between its vigour and prosperity and the effete and worn-out condition of society in his own dominions. May we not hope that he will be convinced of the superiority of Christian institutions and of monogamic marriage to the superstitions of the mufti and the debasing sensuality of the seraglio? Christian schools and Christian missions are sowing throughout his Empire the seeds of new and nobler civilization. The candlesticks may be relighted in the Seven Churches. The crescent may ere long give place to the banner of the cross upon the battlements of Zion, the long-rejected Messiah be adored amid the scenes of His passion, and Jerusalem become again a praise in the earth.

The drowsy nations of the remoter East are turning in their troubled sleep. They are arousing themselves from the leth-

argy of centuries, and are shaking from them the incubus which so long has oppressed them—their fatuous scorn and hatred of the Western barbarians. They are waking up to the activities of the age. They feel the pulses of a new life throbbing and thrilling through all the veins and arteries of society. The light of science and of the Gospel is dispelling the clouds of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice that so long have mantled over those lands. The night of ages is giving way, and its darkness is being dispersed. A brighter day is bursting on the East. Its freshness breathes around us now. The heralds of the dawn may everywhere be seen. Old and hoary systems of idolatry and priestcraft are crumbling away. Cruel and bloody heathen rites are being exterminated. A vigorous journalism—that great disseminator of the seeds of thought—is springing up in all the great marts of commerce both in India and China. The absurd myths of the gods, and the religious cosmogonies, are yielding to scientific criticism. The sacred Ganges and the Hoogly swarm with vessels impelled by a more potent genius than any of the Arabian Nights—the great Western magician — Steam. China is constructing a steam navy. Yokohama is being lighted with gas. British and American commerce are extending the sphere of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and diffusing liberal ideas. Chinese emigrants are swarming to Australia and the Pacific coast of America, and insensibly imbibing much of the Western spirit and enterprize. The Pacific Railways conduct the tide of oriental commerce to the very heart of occidental civilization; and the projected Pacific Telegraph Cable will knit together East and West in indissoluble bonds of "peace and good-will."

NO shattered box of ointment
We ever need regret,
For out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odours yet.

"The discord that involveth
Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand resolveth
In richest harmony."

ELIZABETH FRY AND PRISON REFORM.

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE.

Elizabeth Fry.

What is known in our time as penitentiary science is of recent origin. The condition of prisoners and captives, less than a century and a half ago, was pitiable in the extreme. The very laws under which criminals were detained and punished were so inadequate, and so improperly administered, that the innocent were as likely to suffer, and often did suffer as severely, as the guilty. Thus it was when John Howard began his noble and remarkable labours. "For being innocent," writes Howard's biographer, "a poor man might be imprisoned for life!" "Our criminal code was then," continues Hepworth Dixon in the "Life of John Howard" just mentioned, "quite diabolical:—a man might be left to die of starvation or fever in a jail for *not* being guilty of any crime; and he might be hanged for breaking a hop-band in a garden in Kent, or stealing an old coat to the value of five shillings in Middlesex."

The life of one accused of crime was of small worth in the eyes of the authorities. According to the policy of the times it was regarded as cheaper, and therefore better, to put criminals to death than to punish them by lengthened imprisonment. Their reformation does not seem to have been seriously thought of as

important or desirable. Hence in twenty-three years, in a single city of the British Empire, during the reign of George the Third, 1,121 persons were capitally convicted, and of these 678 were actually executed. It will hardly be believed that of the 678 put to death as criminals, only seventy-two were executed for murder, the remaining 606 being guilty of crimes more or less serious, but crimes for which it is not believed right, in this period of the world's history, to deprive men of their lives. "And this was in the age of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan, of Howard and Paley."

That the ends of justice were often defeated, it ought to surprise no one to learn. Crime was frightfully prevalent. Not only were the innocent made to suffer, but the guilty frequently escaped punishment. The jails themselves were, in the most positive sense, hot-beds of vice. Under the shadow of the gallows new offences against justice were conceived and sometimes carried into effect. Early in the eighteenth century an effort was made to ascertain, and if possible reform, the condition of English prisons. The effort seems to have failed for some reason, but a curious document, discovered after Howard had begun his life-work, throws important light on the mismanaged state of prisons in and about London. The revelations made in the document referred to are of such a nature that we may not reproduce them in the pages of this MAGAZINE. Let it be enough to say that vice and immorality were constantly practised, and under some circumstances actually encouraged, in the very places where it was intended that wrong-doing should be punished. Provision for the health and comfort of prisoners was almost altogether wanting. Disease and death were constant visitors, yea, even guests, of the houses which we have come to know as Houses of Correction. A poor man, however innocent, might well regard imprisonment as one of the greatest of earthly calamities.

Upon the Continent things were scarcely better, though Howard pronounced "the correctional science of France" certainly far in advance of that of England. Yet the story of the Bastile and of its illustrious victims is sufficient proof of the deplorable state of the so-called criminal classes of *la belle France*. Holland was the brightest exception to the rule and afforded subject matter for study to the illustrious reformer to whom repeated reference has already been made.

At some considerable distance, but with untiring and self-sacrificing zeal, Elizabeth Fry, in her own country, and among those of her own sex, followed in the footsteps of John Howard. All our readers may not clearly remember who Mrs. Fry was. For the sake of any who may have forgotten, the following facts are given:—Born in Norwich in 1780, the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham, her early character hardly gave promise of the marked sobriety and unwearied zeal for others which her after-life displayed. The death of her mother deprived the daughter of the counsel most needed, and for a while Elizabeth seems to have preferred a life of gaiety to the sober line of conduct required of those who embrace the teachings of the Society of Friends, the sect with which her family were united After events, however, led to a decided change of choice, in consequence of which Miss Gurney became a most exemplary Christian, and, as the world knows, a faithful toiler on behalf of the unfortunate and fallen. Her marriage to Mr. Joseph Fry occurred on the 19th of August, 1800. It seems to have been a happy one.

Norwich Cathedral.

The first record of a visit to Newgate appears in her journal, under the date of February 16, 1813. At this time she was led out in supplication on behalf of the female felons whom she visited, but it was not until some four years after that she entered upon the great work of her life. About this time she was induced, in consequence of the representations of William Foster, a member of the Society of Friends, to personally inspect the state of women prisoners. That these needed the aid which

she afterward sought to give them there is no lack of evidence The following extract from Mrs. Fry's biography * will throw light upon their unhappy condition:—

"At that time all the female prisoners in Newgate were confined in the part now known as the untried side. The larger portion of the quadrangle was then used as a State prison. The partition wall was not of sufficient height to prevent the State prisoners overlooking the narrow yard, and the windows of the two wards and the two cells, of which the women's division consisted. These four rooms comprised about one hundred and ninety superficial yards, into which, at the time of these visits, nearly three hundred women with their numerous children were crowded; tried and untried misdemeanants and felons, without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked and washed."

It is only needed that this dark picture should be completed by the statement that "with the proceeds of their clamorous begging," the prisoners secured liquor, which was freely offered for sale in the prison, and that, as may be easily inferred, their conduct was in every way worthy of their surroundings. It was to the aiding and uplifting of these unfortunate members of her sex that Mrs. Fry devoted her life.

It is not proposed in this sketch to follow the course of the philanthropic labours of this noble and elect lady, as recorded in the biography already mentioned. Some incidents in her career may, however, be given with profit.

Stimulated and encouraged by her example, many ladies, some of them of high rank in life, gave attention to the condition of women convicts. Societies were formed, one of the chief being the "Ladies' Newgate Association." The members became greatly interested in the well-being of female convicts sentenced to transportation. These were conveyed to the water-side in open waggons, and generally celebrated their departure from Newgate by a riot, in which windows, furniture, or aught else that was breakable and within their reach, was injured or destroyed. Through the intervention of Mrs. Fry, the mode of conveyance to the transport ship was changed to hackney

**A Memoir of Elizabeth Fry.* By her daughter, Mrs. Francis Cresswell. London: James Nisbett & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

coaches, and the quiet and orderly conduct of the prisoners was secured by their being accompanied by ladies, Mrs. Fry and others, to the convict ship. Reaching this "the ladies were distressed to find so many women and children herded together below deck." Some effort was made at organization and to secure the employment and instruction of the convicts on their long journey to New South Wales. With what skill and success Mrs. Fry toiled may be gathered from the following:—

"The last time that Mrs. Fry was on board the *Maria*, which lay at Deptford, was a solemn and interesting occasion. There was great uncertainty whether the poor convicts would see their benefactress again. Sh stood at the door of the cabin, attended by her friends and the captain; the women on the quarter-deck facing them. The sailors, anxious to see what was going on, clambered into the rigging, upon the capstan, or mingled in the outskirts of the group. The silence was profound when Mrs. Fry opened her Bible, and in a clear, audible voice read a portion from it; whilst the crews of the other vessels in the tier, attracted by the novelty of the scene, leaned over the ships on either side, and listened apparently with great attention. She closed the Bible, and after a short pause knelt down on the deck, and implored a blessing on the work of Christian charity from that God, who, though one may 'sow and another water,' can alone 'give the increase.' Many of the women wept bitterly, all seemed touched; when she left the ship they followed her with their eyes and their blessings, until, her boat having passed within another tier of vessels, they could see her no more."

EARLHAM HOUSE, HOME OF MRS. FRY.

It was very disheartening to Mrs. Fry, and those who laboured with her, to learn that their efforts to promote the highest interests of transported convicts were largely negatived by the absence of any proper system to secure the safety and well-being of the poor creatures doomed to spend their lives in a land of exile. They arrived, in the majority of cases, in the

new land to which they were banished, without resource, and found neither shelter nor protection awaiting them. "Rations, or a small allowance of provisions sufficient to maintain life, they certainly had allotted them daily ; but a place to sleep in, or the means to obtain one, or necessary clothing for themselves, and, when mothers, for the children, they were absolutely without." Existence too often was maintained by these women at the price of virtue. How vain, therefore, the efforts to inculcate principles of honesty, industry, and purity, when the convicts were doomed to live where honest means of livelihood were denied them ! To bring about a reform where it was so much needed became a chief object of Mrs. Fry's labours, and, happily, her toil was crowned with a large measure of success.

Our readers will be interested in learning Mrs. Fry's method in visiting prisons, and as this was uniform, one illustration may be given. Having obtained authority for her visit, and being accompanied by prison officers and any magistrates or private individuals desiring to go with her, "she would go from yard to yard, from one ward to another, addressing the most minute inquiries to the jailer or turnkey ; and calculating the capabilities of the building for the greatest degree of improvement." Following the visitation there came the letters addressed to the local authorities, and an effort to form a committee of ladies who would undertake regularly to visit the female prisons. In securing such co-operation she was proverbially successful.

At this point it should be said, and the fact deserves record—not alone because of the light which it throws upon the character of the noble woman whose heroic and unselfish deeds we are contemplating, but because of the significant lesson it carries with it—that far-reaching and exhausting as her labours were, extending beyond the limits of her own island home, she never lost interest in or ceased to guide the concerns of her own home. She was no less a loyal wife and faithful mother because a patriot and a philanthropist.

Mrs. Fry's successful toil on behalf of the unfortunate of her sex attracted wide-spread attention and called forth the admiring testimonies of all classes. Miss Edgeworth, in a published letter, writes thus :—

"Yesterday we went the moment we had swallowed our breakfast, by appointment, to Newgate. The private door opened at the sight of our

tickets, and the great doors, and the little doors, and the thick doors, and doors of all sorts, were unbolted and unlocked, and on we went through dreary but clean passages, till we came to a room where rows of empty benches fronted us, and a table on which lay a large Bible. Several ladies and gentlemen entered and took their seats on benches at either side of the table in silence.

"Enter Mrs. Fry in a drab-coloured silk cloak and plain borderless Quaker cap; a most benevolent countenance—Guido-Madonna face—calm, benign. 'I must make an inquiry—Is Maria Edgeworth here? and where?' I went forward; she bade us come and sit beside her. Her first smile as she looked upon me I can never forget."

Miss Edgeworth's letter continues to speak with much gratification of the work accomplishing in Newgate. "I was delighted" is her written testimony. Of all the prisoners visited that morning, one only—a dirty, depraved old Jewess,—seemed beyond the reach of Mrs. Fry's influence for good.

In Newgate Prison.

Sir James Mackintosh, quoted by his wife in a letter to Mrs. Fry, referred to an exhortation by the latter to forty-five female convicts, as "the deepest tragedy he had ever witnessed. What she read and expounded to the convicts, with almost miraculous effect, was the fourth chapter to the Ephesians."

Sydney Smith was not accustomed to praise indiscriminately, as the world knows. And yet he found it in his heart to write after this fashion:

"To see that holy woman in the midst of the wretched prisoners,—to see them all calling earnestly upon God, soothed by her voice, animated by her look, clinging to the hem of her garment, and worshipping her as the only being who has ever loved them, or taught them, or noticed them, or spoke to them of God,—this is the sight which breaks down the pageant of the world, which tells us that the short hour of life is passing away, and

that we must prepare shortly to meet God ; that it is time to give, to pray, to comfort, to go, like this blessed woman, and do the work of our heavenly Saviour, Jesus, among the guilty, among the broken-hearted and the sick, and to labour in the deepest and darkest wretchedness of life?"

How black and deep the wretchedness into which Mrs. Fry entered and illumined may be gathered from her own testimony touching the condition of the women of Newgate when she began her labours. "Their children," her sister writes, "who were almost naked, were pining for want of proper food, air and exercise;" and, in her evidence before the House of Commons, Mrs. Fry said: "It was in our visits to the school, where some of us attended almost every day, that we were witnesses to the dreadful proceedings that went forward on the female side of the prison; the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressed up in men's clothes; scenes too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us."

This sketch may be brought to a fitting close by the quotation of Crabbe's poetic testimony to the worth and toil of this godly and elect lady:—

"One, I beheld! a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe ;
She sought her way through all things vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place.
Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
With powers of darkness—to let in the light.
Tell me, my heart, hast thou such victory won,
As this, a sinner of thy sex, has done,
And calls herself a sinner? What art thou?
And where thy praise and exaltation now?
Yet she is tender, delicate and nice,
And shrinks from all depravity and vice ;
Shrinks from the ruffian gaze, the savage gloom,
That reign where guilt and misery find a home ;
Guilt chained, and misery purchased, and with them
All we abhor, abominate, condemn—
The look of scorn, the scowl, th' insulting leer
Of shame, all fixed on her who ventures here;
Yet all she braved! she kept her steadfast eye
On the dear cause, and brushed the baseness by.
So would a mother press her darling child
Close to her breast, with tainted rags defiled."

ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WEBBER.

Archibald Campbell Tait, late Archbishop of Canterbury, was born at Edinburgh on the 22nd of December, 1811. He was the youngest son of Craufurd Tait, Esq., whose ancestral home was the fine old mansion of Harviestoun, and of a daughter of Sir Islay Campbell, for many years Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland. His parents were persons of talent and education and position, with broad and liberal views; so that Mr. Tait had the advantage of good social position and a very liberal education. His education commenced at the High School, Edinburgh. At the age of sixteen he was sent to the University of Glasgow and studied under such famous Professors as Sir Daniel Sandford and Mr. Buchanan. He took the highest prizes in his college, and was elected in 1830 to Balliol College, Oxford. Here Mr. Tait's great public career really commenced, at the seat of one of the greatest of universities, amidst rivals destined to the widest fame. He won his degree with honours, and was afterwards elected a Fellow of Balliol, and subsequently filled the office of principal tutor of his college with great success.

It may be well to observe, for the edification of those who undervalue a large and liberal education, that great and distinguished scholars have been among the greatest reformers and benefactors of their race. John Wycliff, William Tyndall, Martin Luther, John Knox, John Wesley, W. E. Gladstone and Archibald Tait being eminent examples of this. And we think it may be said of every one of them that but for their large and varied education, combined with rare consecration and courage, they could never have achieved their great and unexampled successes.

Mr. Tait's competitors at Oxford at this time included such names as Lord Elgin, Lord Selborne, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Lowe—men who have since occupied the high places of the earth, filled the honourable position of Cabinet Minister in the British Kingdom, and one of whom—Mr. Gladstone—justly ranks as the greatest statesman of this century. Between

Mr. Tait and Mr. Gladstone there grew up a close and lifelong friendship to the mutual honour and advantage of both. In 1836, on receiving his M.A. degree, Mr. Tait was admitted into the Christian ministry and received deacon's orders, and two years after was ordained a priest of the English Church by the Bishop of Oxford.

About this time not only Oxford but England, and indeed Christendom, was stirred to its depths by what was known as the Tractarian Movement. The great majority of the clergy of the English Church of that day had deeply offended and disgusted the mass of the English people by their inexcusable opposition to two great measures—the Emancipation of the Slaves and the Reform Bill. Disestablishment was therefore freely talked of and for a time seemed very probable and imminent. Many of the leading clergy began to look around anxiously for a new basis of reform, to rehabilitate the Church in public favour, and gain for it a new base of national fellowship. But instead of taking the simple and beautiful and spiritual basis of the New Testament, they chose to take the principles of the Tractarians, or what were soon called Puseyites, from the great leader of the movement, and of which modern Ritualism or High Churchism is the legitimate but lamentable outcome. Newman, Froude, Keble, Palmer, and Pusey were the leaders of the new movement. The medium they adopted to arouse public attention was a series of publications called "Tracts for the Times." These tracts consisted principally of extracts from the early Fathers and disquisitions on the value of ordinances. Tract No. 90, written by Newman, which tried to show that a man who held Roman Catholic doctrines might conscientiously sign the Thirty-nine Articles and be a clergyman of the English Church, at last provoked great alarm and called forth a powerful rejoinder from Mr. Tait and three other tutors at Oxford. In consequence of this letter the tract was condemned, and the Bishop of Oxford interposed and vetoed the continuance of these publications. As a result Newman resigned his living and joined the Church of Rome, but not before he had inflicted untold mischief on the rising generation of Oxford students, the majority of whom too eagerly accepted the idea that the clergy were a separate and superior order, an idea opposed to the genius of the New Testament, and in

direct contradiction to the brotherhood Christ so emphatically taught. Mr. Tait was from the first, and throughout the whole of his life, a decided and firm but courteous opponent of this movement, and was ever a liberal-minded and truly evangelical minister of Christ.

In 1842, at the death of Dr. Arnold, Dr. Tait, as he had now become, was chosen to fill the important position of headmaster of Rugby School. To follow such a man as Dr. Arnold, so great, so gifted, so generous, so successful, so pre-eminently Christian, was no easy task. And to sustain the reputation of a school that Arnold had raised to the foremost place among the great public schools of England was no small matter. But Dr. Tait was eminently successful in both. So completely did he succeed as a tutor, and in winning the regard of the masters and pupils, that when he left Rugby at the end of six years the school held a higher rank than ever before. Soon after his appointment to Rugby, Dr. Tait married, in June, 1842, Miss Spooner, daughter of Archdeacon Spooner, Rector of Elmdon. It is a little remarkable that this young lady, who had embraced Tractarian principles and eagerly longed for the success of the movement, and was greatly disappointed at Dr. Tait's being chosen for Rugby over Dr. Wordsworth, should have so soon after consented to become Mrs. Tait. But Catherine Tait was not only exceedingly beautiful in face and form, but was intelligent, affectionate, and enthusiastically religious, and soon learned that Dr. Tait was right, and not only a man to be devoutly loved, but a leader to be readily and heartily followed. And during the companionship of upwards of thirty-six years she not only sympathized with her husband's religious views and doctrines, but cordially seconded all his efforts, and assisted him in his work with an enthusiasm and devotion that made her life great, useful, and happy.

A very serious illness in 1848 caused Dr. Tait to resign his position at Rugby. Soon after he was appointed Dean of Carlisle. At that time a Deanery was regarded as a place of ease and honour but of no work, and a good many time-serving Erastians were content that it should be so. But Dr. Tait, though he never really liked the position, felt that there were duties to perform to the people and the diocese, and he at once set to work to make his new sphere useful and a field of

beneficent activity. He reformed the cathedral services to render them more popular, urged the erection of new churches, and set the example with Mrs. Tait of systematic district visiting. His eight years of busy toil at Carlisle not only endeared him to the people, especially to the poor and ignorant, whose true friend he was, but made his example contagious in arousing deans and canons and Church dignitaries in general, to the immense benefit of the English Church. In 1856 a great affliction suddenly shadowed Dr. Tait's home. In three weeks five of his children were snatched away by scarlet fever. This crushing sorrow, borne in a spirit of holy resignation and sanctified faith, made the Dean and his wife to be greatly admired by all, and shed a holier influence over the whole of their after life.

In September, 1856, Dr. Tait received from Lord Palmerston an offer of the Bishopric of London, which he accepted and was consecrated at Whitehall Chapel the following November. As Bishop of London he accepted the responsibilities of the most populous See in the kingdom with humility and dependence on God. It is almost a proverb that a successful bishop is one who can balance himself gracefully between yes and no. But Dr. Tait was a man of decided convictions, and he impressed all classes with the depth and manliness of his principles. He consequently commanded in a singular degree the confidence and respect of all parties during the twelve years that he was Bishop of London, while he materially strengthened the hold of the Church of England upon the people. It is true when he gave up the See of London, the Ritualistic papers were exceedingly bitter against him for what they termed his Dissenting views. And the Low Church papers were bitter because he had not more actively prosecuted the Ritualists. But the ravings of extremists and partisans only show the more clearly the courage, and prudence, and perseverance, and consistency of the true man and Christian.

Soon after Dr. Tait became Bishop of London, a friend remarked to Mrs. Tait that it was unfortunate that the Ecclesiastical Commission should have reduced the emoluments of the Bishops. "Do you think so," was her reply. "Dr. Tait and I only wish they had reduced them half as much again." And with Mrs. Tait's view all devout men will heartily agree. In

no Church of Christendom (except it be the Church of Rome) are the income and emoluments of her clergy so unequal as in the English Church. Her Bishops and the higher dignitaries are in most instances greatly overpaid, to the sacrifice of much of their simplicity and apostolic spirit and usefulness; while the hard-working curates and under-clergy are not sufficiently paid, to the grief of good men and the scandal of the wealthiest Church in Christendom. The great increase of wealth which his position gave him, Dr. Tait valued as a means of large charity, and as a trust to be used under God for the good of others. He once invited all the clergy of his diocese to his house at a social gathering so that he might form their acquaintance, showing the sympathetic friendliness of his nature, and his desire to be at one with the aims and wishes of his brethren. He also personally visited the poorest parts of his diocese, and day after day, from house to house, encouraged his clergy by his example and active sympathy. But probably the work by which Dr. Tait will be longest remembered in London is the founding of the "Diocesan Home Mission" and the "Bishop of London's Fund," by which joint institutions he sought to overtake by special means the spiritual needs of the neglected masses, and the rapidly increasing demand for additional church accommodation. A city that increases at the rate of upwards of one hundred thousand a year, must and will tax the best and most persevering efforts of all Christian denominations to overtake the wants and destitution of such a mass of people as make up the largest city in the world. In both these schemes Dr. Tait was successful in showing the wealthy classes that they owed a debt of care and kindness to the poor, and in convincing them of the great necessity for larger spiritual provision to meet the enormous increase of population.

When the cholera visited London, in 1866, and produced the greatest alarm, Dr. Tait immediately summoned a meeting of the clergy of the infected districts to consider how they could best assist the sanitary authorities in checking the disease. And during the epidemic he paid regular visits to the infected districts, accompanied by his devoted wife, and preached in the churches of the districts, and held open-air services till ordered to discontinue by his physician. He also heartily approved of and encouraged religious services for the masses in halls and

other places, though some Churchmen and their papers opposed the movement as "Spurgeonism." The good Bishop also begged his clergy to be friendly with their brethren the Nonconformist ministers. Probably no bishop has ever lived on such terms of friendship and fellowship with his Nonconformist fellow-ministers, under the conviction that they were all working for the same end—the glory of God and the spread of truth. Whenever he saw that they had a just grievance he readily acknowleged it and aided in its removal, as witness his advocacy and vote for the admission of Jews to Parliament, for the abolition of the oath of subscription for academical degrees at Oxford, for the abolition of church rates, for the opening of parish churchyards as a place of burial for all, and the aid he rendered in the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In all these matters the Bishop did not study his own preferences and his Church's feeling, but he sought to do simple justice to all in the spirit of fairness, and equality, and fraternity. Rationalistic tendencies, especially in the case of Dr. Colenso and the famous "Essays and Reviews," gave Dr. Tait some anxiety while Bishop of London. But Ritualism gave him more trouble than anything else. Averse as he was to the whole movement, he sought at much cost and persuasion, and by more than one Act of Parliament, to check this tendency. He severely denounced the practice of private confession, and the attempt to make the communion like the Romish mass.

In 1868, Dr. Tait was offered and accepted the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and by this appointment he became the Primate of all England. He at once took his place as the leader of the bench of Bishops, and held the balance firmly between the contending parties in the Church. He had of course to leave his mansion at Fulham for a residence at Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here he threw open the large grounds attached to the palace for the benefit of the sick and poor, and for school and friendly society treats, to the relief and benefit of thousands of the South London poor. He also threw open the chapel at Lambeth for Sunday evening services for the people, and attracted overflowing crowds through filling his pulpit with the ablest and greatest preachers of his Church. About a year after he became Archbishop, Dr. Tait, through overwork, became very

ill and for a time his life was despaired of, but through the excellent nursing of his wife and the best medical skill he gradually recovered.

Quietly but firmly he took his place as the leader of the bench of Bishops in the House of Lords, in the great and stirring events that soon followed. The Ritualistic movement had grown so audacious and influential that many of its adherents had assimilated the services of the Church of England as far as possible to those of the Church of Rome. The people had become so disgusted that men calling themselves Protestants, eating Protestant bread, receiving Protestant tithes and revenues, and occupying Protestant churches, should be, in the most covert and underhanded ways, doing the work of the Church of Rome, that upwards of 60,000 signed a petition to the two Archbishops calling their attention to the movement. Out of it grew this Bill to give the Bishops greater power to check these practices. Dr. Tait's speech in introducing the Bill into the House of Lords attracted much attention. The High Church party rose in arms against the Bill, and it was so amended because of strong opposition to it, before it became law, that we fear it has never fulfilled the end of its promoters, though Dr. Tait, some years after, said in one of his famous charges that the Public Worship Regulation Act had not altogether failed in its purpose, but that it had in some measure arrested Ritualism, and put an end to the vagaries and innovations of wrong-headed men. But we are convinced that the one remedy for Ritualism is Disestablishment. To this Dr. Tait was always conscientiously opposed. Notwithstanding his kindly feeling toward his Nonconformist brethren, as he termed them, and his desire to do them justice, he misunderstood Voluntaryism and always shrank from it. But when the English Church has learned, in the language of Mr. Gladstone, that her main defence is in the blessing of God and the support of the people, and ceases to lean on the arm of flesh, then she will become stronger and purer than ever before. The Church that comes nearest to Christ's own ideal, and the plan and pattern of the New Testament, must become the greatest power for good, and be God's chief factor for the enlightenment and salvation of mankind.

In 1878, when Dr. Tait was at the zenith of his popular-

ity and happiness, a severe trial—the severest trial of his life—befell him. His domestic relations, in which he had been so long and so singularly happy, were to be broken by the heaviest bereavement. First, his gifted and consecrated son, the Rev. Craufurd Tait, was taken from him after a few weeks' illness, in his twenty-ninth year, and in the very brightness of his hope. Then, when the sharp edge of this grief had hardly passed, a yet deeper sorrow was in store for him. In December of that same year, Mrs Tait was called to her reward. Almost suddenly this good and holy woman was taken from the love and toils of earth to the rest and reward of heaven. Dr. Tait bore his sorrow with Christian resignation. But he was never the same man from that day until, four years after, he was called home. After needed rest and change, a sense of duty called him back to his work in the House of Lords and in his diocese. He strongly opposed the opening of the National Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays, as he feared to see the Sabbath desecration of Continental Europe introduced into England, to the injury, material and spiritual, of the people. He most heartily supported the Burials Bill of 1880 as right in spirit and principle. He contended rightly that if Churchmen could act with Nonconformists in works of charity, and education, and the translation and diffusion of the Scriptures, they could unite with them in the last rites of sepulchre. As he neared the end, his speeches and addresses became broader and more liberal in their tone. But we fear that the union of the Established and the Nonconformist Churches, that the good Archbishop so desired, is still a long way off. Many and very great changes must first come to pass.

His biographer very properly says that Dr. Tait will not rank as a "literary" Bishop. He is the author of a few works of value. Probably his best known book is "The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology." His charges to his clergy were always eagerly looked for and widely read, and were probably the most popular of his contributions to general literature. In them Dr. Tait treats on different themes, but always with ability and discrimination. He had no sympathy with any position being deemed a sinecure or ornamental. He always urged that the *spiritual* part of religion should be most emphasized and taught. He constantly besought the clergy to

reach souls, one by one, by personal visitation and conversation —advice that all ministers might adopt to the profit of the Church and themselves. But Dr. Tait's last charge had been delivered, his last volume of sermons published, his last article sent forth. He felt that his end approached, and that his work was done. He met that end with Christian resignation and hope, thankful that the toils of earth were finished, and that the rest and reunion of heaven were so near. On the 26th of August, 1882, it was announced that the Archbishop was very ill of congestion of the lungs, brought on, it is supposed, by a severe cold he caught in obeying the Queen's commands, and going to Osborne House to confirm the two sons of the Prince of Wales. The vast number of telegrams received showed the deep and widespread sympathy felt for the Archbishop and his family. The Queen sent constant messages of sympathy and inquiry. But the sufferer seemed to sink until the very chills of death began to gather around him. However, he rallied for a time, so much so as to transact a little business.

Toward the end of November, the relapse became so marked that it was seen that the end was very near. On December 1st, having taken farewell of his friends, with his family at his bedside, he thought he was dying. He asked what day it was; they told him the first of December. "The very day poor Catherine died," he remarked; but he added, "We shall soon meet." He became weaker and weaker, occasionally saying, "When shall I be at rest; God relieve me, and let me go." At length, on Sunday morning, he passed quietly away in sleep to the rest and home of heaven. Westminster Abbey was offered as a fitting place of burial for the great Archbishop, but his daughters declined the offer, as their father had desired to be buried by the side of his wife and son in the quiet churchyard at Addington. The Archbishop's desire that his funeral should be a simple one was lovingly respected. The coffin was lowered into the grave amid the tears and benediction of a vast crowd of sympathising, friendly ones, who felt that a prince and a great man had fallen that day in Israel. In that verdict the leading journals and the nation joined. As the fruit of his life and work is more clearly seen, it is more and more manifest that he was a hard-working, judicious, devoted Christian Bishop —a model to his fellow-ministers and a benediction and an inspiration to the Church of Christ.

MISSION WORK IN JAPAN.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES.

BY REV. C. S. EBY, D.D.

"I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more. And to the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain Jews. To them that are under the law as under the law, not being myself under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, not being without law to God, but under law to Christ, that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak I became weak, that I might gain the weak: I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some. And I do all things for the Gospel's sake."—*Paul*, 1 Cor. 9 : 19-23.

PAUL might have added that to the learned he became learned in lengthened disputation, to the philosopher he became a philosopher, for the public he used all the then known polish of the rhetorician, and thus became the model missionary for all time. Missionary plans, to succeed, must follow the rules of all human success; must adjust themselves to the material to be manipulated, and be commensurate with the object in view. And that object, to claim the Divine assistance, must measure up to the thought of the Founder of all truly Christian missions, become large as the sympathy of God, aiming at the salvation of individuals, when accessible, nations, when open, the world of redeemed humanity *now*.

The majority of nominal Christians appear to dump all "heathens" into one mass of low-lived, ignorant, degraded savages, for whom the missionary of talent simply wastes his finer qualities; that almost any one would be good enough, or too good, indeed, to take them all the Gospel they need, and that the plan of work for one place is just the right thing for all. Now, without disparaging the blessed work done, and still needed to be done, by devoted men and women, amongst the lowliest of our redeemed fellow-men, I wish to point out that there are heathen and heathen, differing as widely as the hemispheres in very essential points, though all are one in their need of a Saviour; for whom very different plans of work are required, though all with the one object of leading men and nations to a living faith in the Saviour they need.

In the case of the lower races of men, without literature, without civilization, the ideas of the supernatural are so crude and often so cruel that their absurdity is easily shown, while the purer, sweeter teachings of the Gospel are at once accepted as superior. The range of thought on every subject is so narrow, so erroneous on many, that everything the missionary brings confers an almost immediate benefit, opening a new world, every advance, every advantage in which is attributable to the new teacher and his teaching and help. Thus, with a little common sense and tact on the part of the missionary, his task is comparatively easy and the way for his work comparatively clear, the chief difficulty being first in gaining access and the second in developing out of low material a higher kind of moral man.

An entirely different material had to be wrought upon by Stephen, who confounded the rabbinical scholars of Jerusalem and probably pierced Saul's philosophic armour by the wisdom with which he spake; very different that which met Paul on Mars' Hill, in Corinth and in Rome, where he disputed on their own platforms with philosophers, Jews, and proselytes, keeping, however, his own aim ever in view, to present Christ in just such a way as to attract men of every kind. A very different thing when we wish to win to our Gospel nations whose philosophies, religions, arts, civilizations were hoary when our forefathers were half savage wanderers in European forests or seeking plunder on the wild sea wave. We may pride ourselves on our superiority of race, of civilization, and of religion—and there may be a great deal of truth in our boast—but it requires a great deal more than mere assertion to prove these things to the proud nations of the East.

No nation or people now open to the Gospel demands such wisdom in planning, such skill in strategic movement as Japan, thirty years ago absolutely closed against Christ, now the most open and most encouraging mission field on the face of the globe—a homogeneous, consolidated nation of 38,000,000, of one language, one literature, one aspiration after progress and Western civilization, and willing to be christianized if Christianity can be proved to be true and of benefit to the nation. The Japanese writer in the *Japan Mail*, noticed in last month's issue of this MAGAZINE, voices the unexpressed

mind of the nation. "A marvellous change has been wrought in our feelings towards Christianity in the last seven years. . . . . In a word, the country is thoroughly ready and willing to be christianized." And every far-seeing missionary knows how true it is that "One more resolute effort, and complete success will be achieved." But we know also that the effort must be strategic as well as resolute, or failure will ensue, and failure now means disaster and conflict for an age to come.

To understand the means required to evangelize Japan, the national characteristics, the peculiar developments, and the aspirations of the people must be kept well in mind. Tradition in Japan, of course, runs away into the dim past, but reliable history shows that they are not as old a people as the Chinese; in fact, that China has been the source of Japanese literature and civilization. About the fifth century of our era the Japanese people were very simple in their habits, characterized by a rude chivalry, and were dimly feeling along the "way of the gods." Confucian learning and Buddhism were then brought in by Chinese scholars, refugees probably from some of the revolutions which periodically convulse that conglomerate of nations, China. All that was known of arts and sciences was also imported from China and Corea. Japan welcomed every teacher, every help, and then for centuries there raged a triangular conflict between Shintoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism, in which a higher civilization grew and ripened into refinement. A genius arose who attempted to reconcile Shintoism and Buddhism, with the result that Buddhism slightly tinged with Shintoism eventually conquered the masses. Pure Shinto survived only in the court of the Mikado, and royal princes have all along been and are to-day high priests of the ancient cult. Buddhism was established by the usurping Shoguns, and many a lord and lady tired of feudal strife retired to the peaceful monastery, as in the feudal times of Europe. Confucian classics, with the commentaries of Mencius, gradually took possession of the educated classes, to the exclusion of a belief in the supernatural as well as in the superstitions of the vulgar religions. When the West came in contact with Japan, three centuries ago, they were just as ready to learn and to reciprocate benefits as they were a thousand

years before when China came, or as they are to-day. But the West came with a curse, and in self-defence Japan drove the stranger and the strange religion from her borders, shutting herself up in seclusion until these later days, when it has become impossible to have hermit nations. Japan is now thankful for the rude hand which compelled her to open her doors and her eyes to the advantages of the West. All of our civilization, —material, commercial, industrial, political, intellectual, social, scientific, moral—she admires, and as fast as money can buy or human ingenuity can accomplish it, all these things are being introduced and adopted wholesale, bringing about in a marvellously short time a national transformation. Thus they have the mental grasp, the whole human machinery of individual, social and political life, that enables them at once to take and use all these products of our Christian civilization; but how can we prove to them that Christianity has anything to do with them, especially as so many authors that they read, and so many teachers that they meet tell them that Christianity is an effete superstition?

The nation, as a nation—the whole of the 38,000,000—lies open before us ready to be christianized or to be secularized, and the object before the missionary is not to find some easiest spot to gain a few adherents in the speediest way, to please the folk at home and tickle out the pennies to carry on *ad infinitum* the mission play, but his object is, or should be, to find the strategic points through which he may win the nation as a whole for God, and develop a self-sustaining, self-propagating Christianity independent of everlasting missionary pap and apron strings.

It is manifestly impossible to effect this national evangelization by supplying a sufficient number of foreign missionaries to reach the masses. Christendom has had her eyes on Japan for twenty years as a promising mission field, and yet all the workers, male and female, of all denominations count up to nominally 180, or nearly one to 200,000. That would be one-third of a worker for all the Indians in the Dominion of Canada. But many of these missionaries are on furlough on account of ill-health, many are only beginning to learn the language, many are confined to school classes, necessary work in its place; but "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save

them that believe," and the preacher is, after all, the divinely-appointed means for reaching the masses, and Christendom to-day does not provide an average of one efficient preacher in Japan for half a million of people—not in the proportion of eight for the whole population of the Dominion of Canada. The question is, How shall we most speedily raise up a sufficient number of sufficiently endowed and equipped native preachers and workers to carry the message of life to every corner of the land, while the intellectual element in which thought is born and men are nourished and public opinion formed shall be permeated with the influence of Christ? To answer this question for Japan a few facts must be understood.

The first thing necessary to success in any project of this kind is to find what are the indigenous forces that are the most far-reaching and potent in widest circles, that can be converted to our purpose, and thus awaken home energies and successes without large importations of force from far-off lands at large and perpetual expense. The second is to find out how to convert and manipulate these forces for the regeneration of the nation. To see the peculiar forces that Providence has put within our reach, we have only to understand the peculiar class developments of the Japanese people of the olden time and the present almost entire obliteration of any formal legal class distinction, giving one specially endowed stratum of society power to reach from the gutter to the throne in this work of regeneration.

In feudal times there were very definite lines of demarcation of classes, yet never such a thing as the rigid "castes" of India woven into the religious and social fibre of the people. The divisions were more formal than profound, more legal than religious, so that with new forms of social thought and new laws, the distinctions as such easily vanished in name, while the different forms of training that ran through a thousand years left distinctly different elements on and through which to work. There were, first of all, the court and court nobles, then the Daimyo or provincial nobles. These all prided themselves on place and blood, but were never or rarely great in the realm of letters, and in times of peace became largely indolent, led by lesser nobles and aspiring underlings.

Then came the class, the most interesting for us in this dis-

cussion, called Samurai, the retainers of the nobles, of gentle blood, trained to the sword and to literature, fed and housed by their lords according to their position. These men were from time immemorial characterized by splendid chivalry, intense loyalty, fearless courage, and lived in the proud boast that Japan had never been conquered, while their arms had carried terror beyond the seas. They had leisure in time of peace for continued study, and well they used their time, as things went in those days. Arts and the rudiments of science, literature after the Chinese classics, flourished; refinements, music and all the amenities of civilized life were cultivated. A thousand years of such opportunity, the last 250 years being a time of almost profound peace, developed a race of splendid minds, keen, clear, sharp, though perhaps not so weighty as the best Anglo-Saxon steel.

After these came the artizans, the farmers, and the merchants. These had none of the amenities of the Samurai; they were made to serve and to follow. The influence of the learning of their masters the Samurai extended slightly to them, so that many made at least the first steps towards learning. But the thousands of years of enforced inferiority and servility have not developed the noblest and most independent sort of mind, not the best stuff to make leaders out of, nor the most easily won unless they see their hereditary masters leading the way. Then came the Eta, the pariahs or outcasts, who had no more rights, social or political, than the prowling dogs of the streets. In new Japan all these, from Eta to lesser nobles, are on a level in the eyes of the law. Intermarriages are allowed, and in time there will be a perfect blending, no doubt, but to-day there is, and for many years there must be, among the 2,000,000 Samurai an inherited and acquired superiority that will form public opinion, mould the issues of legislation up to the throne, and lead the minds of the masses according to their will or the strength of their intellectual force—gradually, we trust, lifting all to a higher level.

The radical revolution of 1868, which culminated in the complete obliteration of the feudal system, bore most heavily in its immediate disadvantages on these Samurai. Their occupation as hereditary soldiers was gone, their claim to perpetual support commuted for a certain amount of Government bonds, and they

were thrown on their own resources. The result was that many sold their bonds, went into business, and for want of experience failed; many had just enough to live upon for a time, but it was and is still a fight for life for them as a whole. The less literary among them became policemen and filled such like ordinary positions. Those more inclined to literary pursuits took higher offices in the gift of the Government, the young men crowding the new schools opened throughout the empire, and, as they become more or less prepared, come crowding to the capital for higher training in normal schools and colleges as teachers, doctors, lawyers, newspaper writers, authors, and politicians of every shade. It may be easily seen what a dangerous element all this would make if wrongly led, and what a stupendous force for good if only converted to God, and if out of them were raised up Christian teachers, professional men, authors, and statesmen, and above all, Christian preachers and apostles for the masses.

Two young men of this class ran away some thirty years ago to learn more of the outer world, returned to take a leading part in the revolution, one of whom is now prime minister of the empire, and the other minister of state for foreign affairs, only lately having received patents of nobility. Samurai hold all the places of influence and power, and what they are that will the empire be. In the great mass of some thirty-six millions forming the bulk of the nation there is still the deep, dark, heavy background of superstition, heathenism, stolid prejudice, and devotion to priestly influence that the whole missionary body, if applied to them, would be able to touch only in spots, the quantity is so great. And then the quality is such that it would require more time and strength to get down to their level of thought, their idiom, etc., that it is almost impossible for the foreigner to accomplish much among them, especially if the influence of the masterful Samurai has to be overcome as well.

On the other hand, it is the Samurai as a whole who are open to Western thought, eager for Western civilization and learning, who learn English, French, German, who read the very literature that we read, con the same thoughts that we think, thus bringing them at once on the same platform with ourselves. We can deal with thousands through our own

tongue, and as soon as we learn theirs, there is at once unlimited commerce of peers. They crowd our schools, if efficient, and are open everywhere to intercourse if we pave the way. Our preachers that we already have are from this class, and royal men some of them are—men who have influence by their connections up to senate halls, and by their devotion to Christ and love for souls reach down to the very lowest. They with their knowledge of their own language, idiom, and thought, and with their inherited influence over the people, are the men to evangelize the masses, and it is for us to win them above all, in order, through them, to save the nation.

The next question is, how to reach this class, and lead them to Christ. It is very evident that the supposed orthodox plan of gathering the dear heathen under a tree and talking to them as to a group of wondering children is simply absurd. Bear in mind that as a whole they do not believe in the superstitions, the supernaturalism of their old religions, and, of course, naturally are averse to the supernatural in the Christian religion. Their ancient rationalism prepared a ready soil for all the shades of unbelief that have been imported from the West, branded as advanced thought. What wonder that, as a whole, they are either infidel or inclined to infidelity, that the newspapers echo the scorn of Western unbelief, that Christianity is worn out. No wonder that school and college are saturated with the same spirit, and that converts to Christianity were subjects either of pity or scorn, or petty persecution.

What we plead for, first of all, is a moderate supply of really strong men whose intellectual calibre and culture shall be superior to the men whom we wish to win. Only by such men can it be proved to these keen blades that Christianity still leads in the vanguard of human progress. Only such men can propagate and defend the faith in Japan. But we are asked, Is there no place for men who cannot deal with these high intellectual themes, men of lesser calibre? There may be a place where they can be useful, but we ask in return, Where is the use of sending men so far at so great an expense when we have native Japanese who are superior to them in brains and in English education, and equally devoted to Christian work, at a quarter the expense? But, says one, after hearing statements of the troublesome questions they ask, Must a man, to be useful there,

be able to answer those questions which the greatest philosophers of all time and to-day in Europe cannot answer? Most certainly a missionary is not to be expected to answer the unanswerable; but to be useful among men who live in higher planes of thought, he must show himself familiar with these problems, he must be able to show the limits of human powers, and why certain things are unanswerable, and he must be able to give the Christian solution for these doubts and questionings. He must be ready at all times to give a reason—rendered reasons that will appeal to highest intellect—for the hope that is in him.

Our work lies among a class of men who, in reply to Joseph Cook's questions in Japan in 1883, touched a sore spot or two. In answer to the question, "What criticisms, whether just or unjust, are made by the most intelligent and devout among Japanese Christians on methods of the foreign missionaries now in Japan?" the Tokyo committee replied among other things: "The want of insight on the part of missionaries into the Japanese character;" "their sectarian bias;" "low standard of Christian literature among some missionaries." The Kyoto committee say that, "Some of the American and English Missionary Societies seem to depend on the quantity rather than the quality of the missionaries." (*verb. sap. suf.*) Let it be understood that a missionary who goes out there with the idea that because he is a foreigner and a missionary he may claim and obtain rank as a superior and a leader, will find himself woefully mistaken. Unless he can prove himself by actual mental vigour and culture a superior and a leader, he is simply set down on a back seat, so far as his influence goes. But in this time of ferment, of transition, of eager searching for light, a man of commanding talent and tact can do almost anything with them. They almost worship intellectual greatness, and can be moulded for weal or woe by any man who will command their respect.

Then as to the manner of reaching them. We cannot go at once and preach to them, "Behold the Lamb of God." Translated, that would simply be, "Look at God's little sheep." What sense would that convey to a people who have no sheep and have no sacrifices? Nor is there much use in beginning to talk about sin and salvation to a people who have no word to distinguish between sin and crime and guilt, and whose word

for salvation means assistance, so that after one of my sermons on salvation a poor student came to me saying that I had talked a great deal about assisting those who could not help themselves; that he was in great need of an education and would be glad if I would assist him in some good school! But you say, "You cannot expect Japan to get more than a varnish of Christianity through philosophic discussion." I would simply reply, That is very true, if we stopped at philosophic discussion. But if we are to reach a people we must go where they live and move and have their being; take them by the hand and lead them out into the pastures rich and pure of Christian truth and experience. And these people, who are in a ferment for education, for science, for philosophic thought, must be met right there in their own environment, and shown that Christian teaching harmonizes with all that is best in human thought and that Christ is the basis of political stability.

Hence when, in 1883, I began a systematic course of lectures for the educated classes, I began with the idea uppermost in every mind, Civilization, Christianity and Civilization;* the next topic was the next in interest, Science and Christianity; then Christianity in Psychology, in History, in Ethics, etc., every one touching vital questions of the hour. Was it mere varnish that through the spoken and printed lectures thousands thought of Christ as never before — some convinced, others with new interest awakened, others made willing to hear? Varnish merely, that scores on scores came for further light! The course for the second year was a series of comparisons of Christianity with other religions; the third year, if I had remained in Japan, was to have been a presentation of the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity common to all evangelical Churches; and if I am spared to return to Japan, and have an adequate hall or church to speak in, I hope to spend a whole season on the Divinity of Christ. Who imagines for a moment that these discourses will be dry metaphysical discussions? They will be an attempt to lead the intellect of Japan from an admiration of the historic Christ to an acceptance of Jesus as the God-man, a presentation of

* See volume, "Christianity and Humanity," Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

Christ in all His offices as a present Saviour, who saves to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him.

The work already done by sermons, schools, press, and platform has accomplished much, very much, within the last two or three years, so that this mass of awakened intellect, instead of standing in utter scorn, now recognizes Christianity as politically helpful; looks upon Christ as ideal man and first ethical teacher, but, with our utterly inadequate forces, stands quivering in a most thrilling crisis at the threshold of the cross. Will a reaction carry them away again farther from the God-man, or shall we, by united, resolute, strategic effort, lift them higher, and lift up the crucified One so that they shall see not only the Son of man, but recognize in the visage-marred the features of the Son of God, their Saviour and ours?

Would to God that the fact that *now*, NOW is the time for Japan's salvation, and for larger efforts on her behalf, could be impressed on the mind of our Church. There are many ways in which the well-equipped missionary may work in Japan. Some are fitted to one kind and some to another. Some teach in our schools, and would to God we could enlarge and have 400 students in our Azabu school. Some teach in Government schools, some translate the Bible, and others create a Christian literature. All of these, and many other modes of work, are needed, and upon them I would like to enlarge if time and space permitted. But one other phase of work has been on my heart for years, and I trust it is of God. That is, to have a hall or church in Tokyo, to accommodate 1,000 or 2,000 people, in such a part of the city and of such a style as to attract the cream of the educated classes, and where also crowds of the masses could at times be gathered. Think of a million-souled city, capital of an empire of 38,000,000, throbbing with new aspirations, unconsciously thirsting after God, with tens of thousands of young men streaming in from every part of the country for an education, to be permanently influenced by moral and spiritual powers now working there, and going forth as lawyers, doctors, authors, teachers, to charge the life-blood of the nation. We try to reach them with little chapels that hold a hundred people, in back streets hard to find. We are trying to catch a lion with a mouse-trap. Urged on by the thought that larger efforts were needed, I

inaugurated the courses of lectures spoken of before, and with God's benediction, with success. But other churches with larger appliances reaped the largest results. Combined lectures and preaching efforts on a large scale have called together audiences of 4,000 and 5,000. Now, why cannot we have a central fort of our own—the centre of our own work, out of which forces will go that shall be national, but the direct fruits of which we may garner in our own storehouses, and help to build up speedily a strong and independent Methodism in Japan. What we do must be first-class, and in centres that shall radiate their forces afar. A large and bold step like this would give prestige that would bring tremendous forces within our grasp. Large plans only accomplish large results.

Great God! Thou hast opened to us as a Church a stupendous opportunity; Thou hast entrusted us as a Church with large, unoccupied means. O send out Thy light and Thy power that the Church may apply the means to the opportunity NOW—that for Japan the present day of visitation may become a day of realized salvation.

And let all who are ready to consecrate themselves and their means to God say, Amen!

LONGFELLOW TO HIS WIFE.

In the portfolio of Mr. Longfellow soon after his death were found the following lines, which were written by him in July, 1879, and which were not made public until recently:

"In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died, and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XII.—SNORRO AND JAN.

SNORRO had indeed very much misjudged Margaret. During her interview with him she had been absorbed in one effort, that of preserving her self-control while he was present. As soon as he had gone, she fled to her own room, and locking the door, she fell upon her knees. Jan's last love-gifts lay on the bed before her, and she bent her head over them, covering them with tears and kisses.

"Oh, Jan! Oh, my darling!" she whispered to the deaf and dumb emblems of his affection. "Oh, if thou could come back to me again! Never more would I grieve thee, or frown on thee! Never more should thy wishes be unattended to, or thy pleasure neglected! No one on earth, no one should speak evil of thee to me! I would stand by thee as I promised until death! Oh, miserable, unworthy wife that I have been! What shall I do? If now thou knew at last how dearly Margaret loves thee, and how bitterly she repents her blindness and her cruelty!"

So she mourned in half-articulate sobbing words, until little Jan awoke and called her. Then she laid him in her own bed and sat down beside him; quiet, but full of vague, drifting thoughts that she could hardly catch, but which she resolutely bent her mind to examine. Why had Snorro kept these things so long, and then that night suddenly brought them to her at such a late hour? What was he going away for? What was that strange light upon his face? She had never seen such a look upon Snorro's face before. She let these questions importune her all night, but she never dared put into form the suspicion which lay dormant below them, that Jan had something to do with it; that Snorro had heard from Jan.

In the morning she took the trinkets with her to Dr. Balloch's. She laid them before him one by one, telling when, and how, they had been offered and refused. "All but this," she said, bursting into childlike weeping, and showing the battered, tarnished baby coral. "He brought this for his child, and I would not let him see the baby. Oh, can there be any mercy for one so unmerciful as I was?"

"Daughter, weep; thy tears are gracious tears. Would to God poor Jan could see thee at this hour. Whatever happiness may now be his lot, thy contrition would add to it, I know. Go home to-day. No one is in any greater trouble than thou art. Give to thyself tears and prayers; it may be that ere long God

will comfort thee. And as thou goes, call at Snorro's house. See that the fire is out, lock the door, and bring me the key when thou comes to-morrow. I promised Snorro to care for his property."

"Where hath Snorro gone?"

"What did he say to thee?"

"That he was going to Wick. But how then did he go? There was no steamer due."

"Lord Lynne took him in his yacht."

"That is strange!" and Margaret looked steadily at Dr. Balloch. "It seems to me that Lord Lynne's yacht was at Lerwick on that night; thou knowest."

"When Skager and Jan quarrelled?"

She bowed her head, and continued to gaze inquisitively at him.

"No, thou art mistaken. On that night he was off on the Norway coast. It must have been two weeks afterward, when he was in Lerwick.

"When will Lord Lynne be here again?"

"I know not: perhaps in a few weeks, perhaps not until the end of summer. He may not come again this year. He is more uncertain than the weather."

Margaret sighed, and gathering her treasures together she went away. As she had been desired she called at Snorro's house. The key was on the outside of the door, she turned it, and went in. The fire had been carefully extinguished, and the books and simple treasures he valued locked up in his wooden chest. It had evidently been quite filled with these, for his clothes hung against the wall of an inner apartment. Before these clothes Margaret stood in a kind of amazement. She was very slow of thought, but gradually certain facts in relation to them fixed themselves in her mind with a conviction which no reasoning could change.

Snorro had gone away in his best clothes; his fishing suit and his working suit he had left behind. It was clear, then, that he had not gone to the Wick fisheries; equally clear that he had not gone away with any purpose of following his occupation in loading and unloading vessels. Why had he gone, then? Margaret was sure that he had no friends beyond the Shetlands. Who was there in all the world that could tempt Snorro from the little home he had made and loved; and who or what could induce him to leave little Jan?

Only Jan's father!

She came to this conclusion at last with a clearness and rapidity that almost frightened her. Her cheeks burned, her heart beat wildly, and then a kind of anger took possession of her. If Snorro knew anything, Dr. Balloch did also. Why was she kept in anxiety and uncertainty? "I will be very quiet

and watch," she thought, "and when Lord Lynne comes again, I will follow him into the manse, and ask him where my husband is."

As she took a final look at Snorro's belongings, she thought pitifully, "How little he has! And yet who was so good and helpful to every one? I might have taken more interest in his housekeeping! How many little things I could easily have added to his comforts! What a selfish woman I must be! Little wonder that he despised me!" And she determined that hour to make Jan's friend her friend when he came back, and to look better after his household pleasures and needs.

She had plenty now to think about, and she was on the alert morning, noon, and night; but nothing more transpired to feed her hope for nearly a month. The fishing season was then in full business, and Peter Fae, as usual, full of its cares. There had been no formal reconciliation between Margaret and her father and stepmother, and there was no social intercourse between the houses, but still they were on apparent terms of friendship with each other. The anger and ill-will had gradually worn away, and both Peter and Suneva looked with respect upon a woman so much in the minister's favour and company. Peter sent her frequent presents from the store, and really looked upon his handsome little grandson with longing and pride. When he was a few years older he intended to propose to pay for his education. "We'll send him to Edinburgh, Suneva," he frequently said, "and we will grudge nothing that is for his welfare."

And Suneva, who had carefully fostered this scheme, would reply, "That is what I have always said, Peter. It is a poor family that has not one gentleman in it, and, please God and thy pocket-book, we will make a gentleman and a minister of our little Jan;" and the thought of his grandson filling a pulpit satisfied Peter's highest ambition.

So, though there had been no visiting between the two houses, there were frequent tokens of courtesy and good-will, and Margaret, passing through the town, and seeing her father at his shop-door, stopped to speak to him.

"Where hast thou been, and where is thy boy?" he asked.

"He is at home with Elga. I have been to read with Mary Venn; she is failing fast, and not long for this life."

As they spoke Tulloch approached, and with a cold bow to Peter, turned to Margaret and said, "I will walk with thee, Mistress Vedder, as I have some business matter to speak of." Then, after they had turned to Margaret's home: "It was about the interest of the seven hundred pounds placed to thy credit a few days since. I will count the interest from the first of the month."

Margaret was completely amazed. "Seven hundred pounds!"

she said, in a low trembling voice. "I know nothing about it. Surely thou art dreaming. Who brought it to thee?"

"Dr. Balloch. He said it was conscience money and not to be talked about. I suppose thy father sent it, for it is well known that he made his will a few days ago."

Margaret, however, did not believe that it was her father. She was sure Jan had sent the money. It was her £600 with £100 for interest. And oh, how it pained her! Somewhere on earth Jan was alive, and he would neither come to her, nor write to her. He sent her gold instead of love, as if gold were all she wanted. He could scarcely have contrived a more cruel revenge, she thought. For once she absolutely hated money; but it put into her mind a purpose which would not leave it. If Snorro could find Jan, she could. The money Jan had sent she would use for that purpose.

She was cautious and suspicious by nature, and she determined to keep her intention close in her own heart. All summer she watched anxiously for the return of *The Lapwing*, but it came not. One day, in the latter part of August, Dr. Balloch asked her to answer for him a letter which he had received from Lord Lynne. She noted the address carefully. It was in Hyde Park, London. Very well, she would go to London. Perhaps she would be nearer to Jan if she did.

She had now nearly £1,000 of her own. If she spent every farthing of it in the search and failed, she yet felt that she would be happier for having made the effort. The scheme took entire possession of her, and the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment only made her more stubbornly determined. The first was that of reaching the mainland without encountering opposition. She was sure that both her father and Dr. Balloch would endeavour to dissuade her; she feared they would influence her against her heart and judgment. After August, the mail boats would be irregular and infrequent; there was really not a day to be lost.

In the morning she went to see Tulloch. He was eating his breakfast and he was not at all astonished to see her. He thought she had come to talk to him about the investment of her money.

"Good morning, Mistress Vedder! Thou hast been much on my mind, thou and thy money, and no doubt it is a matter of some consequence what thou wilt do with it."

"I am come to speak to thee as a friend, in whom I may confide a secret. Wilt thou hear, and keep it, and give me good advice?"

"I do not like to have to do with women's secrets, but thou art a woman by thyself. Tell me all, then, but do not make more of the matter than it is worth."

"When Jan Vedder had no other friend, thou stood by him."

"What then? Jan was a good man. I say that yet, and I say it to thy face, Margaret Vedder. I think, too, that he had many wrongs."

"I think that too, and I shall be a miserable woman until I have found Jan, and can tell him to his face how sorry I am. So then, I am going away to find him."

"What art thou talking of? Poor Jan is dead. I am sure that is so."

"I am sure it is not so. Now let me tell thee all." Then she went over the circumstances which had fed her convictions, with a clearness and certainty which brought conviction to Tulloch's mind also.

"I am sure thou art right," he answered gravely, "and I have nothing at all to say against thy plan. It is a very good plan if it has good management. Now, then, where wilt thou go first?"

"I have Lord Lynne's address in London. I will go first of all to him. Jan sent me that money, I am sure. It must have been a person of wealth and power who helped him to make such a sum, or he must have lent Jan the money. I think this person was Lord Lynne."

"I think that too. Now about thy money?"

"I will take it with me. Money in the pocket is a ready friend."

"No, it will be a great care to thee. The best plan for thee is this: take fifty pounds in thy pocket, and I will give thee a letter of credit for the balance on a banking firm in London. I will also write to them, and then, if thou wants advice on any matter, or a friend in any case, there they will be to help thee."

"That is good. I will leave also with thee twenty-five pounds for Elga. Thou art to pay her five shillings every week. She will care for my house until I return."

"And thy child?"

"I will take him with me. If Jan is hard to me, he may forgive me for the child's sake."

"Build not thy hopes too high. Jan had a great heart, but men are men and not God. Jan may have forgotten thee."

"I have deserved to be forgotten."

"He may not desire to live with thee any more."

"If he will only listen to me while I say, 'I am sorry with all my heart, Jan;' if he will only forgive my unkindness to him, I shall count the journey well made, though I go to the ends of the earth to see him."

"God go with thee, and make all thy plans to prosper. Here is the table of the mail boats. One leaves next Saturday morning at six o'clock. My advice is to take it. I will send on Thursday afternoon for thy trunk, and Friday night I will find

some stranger fisher-boy to take it to the boat. Come thou to my house when all is quiet, and I will see thee safely on board. At six in the morning, when she sails, the quay will be crowded."

"I will do all this. Speak not of the matter, I ask thee."

"Thou may fully trust me."

Then Margaret went home with a light heart. Her way had been made very plain to her; it only now remained to bind Elga to her interest. This was not hard to do. Elga promised to remain for two years in charge of the house if Margaret did not return before. She felt rich with an allowance of five shillings a week, and the knowledge that Banker Tulloch had authority to prevent either Peter or Suneva from troubling her during that time.

Nothing interfered with Margaret's plans. During the three intervening days, she went as usual to Dr. Balloch's. Twice she tried to introduce the subject of Snorro's singular journey, and each time she contrived to let the minister see that she connected it in her own mind with Jan. She noticed that on one of these occasions, the doctor gave her a long searching look, and that the expression of his own face was that of extreme indecision. She almost thought that he was going to tell her something, but he suddenly rose and changed the subject of their conversation, in a very decided manner. His reticence pained and silenced her, for she almost longed to open her heart to him. Yet, as he gave her no encouragement, she was too shy, and perhaps too proud to force upon him an evidently undesired confidence. She determined, however, to leave letters for him, and for her father, stating the object of her voyage, but entering into no particulars about it. These letters she would put in Elga's care, with orders not to deliver them until Saturday night. By that time Margaret Vedder hoped to be more than a hundred miles beyond Lerwick.

In the meantime Snorro had reached Portsmouth, his journey thither having been uneventful. *The Retribution* had arrived two days before, and was lying in dock. At the dock office a letter which Lord Lynne had given him procured an admission to visit the ship, and her tall tapering masts were politely pointed out to him. Snorro went with rapid strides toward her, for it was near sunset and he knew that after the gun had been fired there would be difficulty in getting on board. He soon came to the ship of his desire. Her crew were at the evening mess, only two or three sailors were to be seen.

Snorro paused for a moment, for he was trembling with emotion, and as he stood he saw three officers come from the cabin. They grouped themselves on the quarter-deck, and one of them, taller and more splendidly dressed than the others,

turned, and seemed to look directly at Snorro. The poor fellow stretched out his arms, but his tongue was heavy, like that of a man in a dream, and though he knew it was Jan, he could not call him. He had received at the office, however, a permit to board *The Retribution* in order to speak with her commander, and he found no difficulty in reaching him.

Jan was still standing near the wheel talking to his officers as Snorro approached. Now that the moment so long watched and waited for, had come, poor Snorro could hardly believe it, and besides he had seen in the first glance at his friend that this was a different Jan somehow from the old one. It was not alone his fine uniform, his sash and sword and cocked hat; Jan had acquired an air of command, an indisputable nobility and ease of manner, and for a moment Snorro doubted if he had done well to come into his presence unannounced.

He stood with his cap in his hand waiting, feeling heart-faint with anxiety. Then an officer said some words to Jan, and he turned and looked at Snorro.

"Snorro! Snorro!"

The cry was clear and glad, and the next moment Jan was clasping both his old friend's hands. As for Snorro, his look of devotion, of admiration, of supreme happiness, was enough. It was touching beyond all words, and Jan felt his eyes fill as he took his arm and led him into his cabin.

"I am come to thee, my captain. I would have come, had thou been at the end of the earth."

"And we will part no more, Snorro, we two. Give me thy hand on that promise."

"No more, no more, my captain."

"To thee, I am always 'Jan.'"

"My heart shall call thee 'Jan,' but my lips shall always say 'my captain,' so glad are they to say it! Shall I not sail with thee as long as we two live?"

"We are mates for life, Snorro."

Jan sent his boy for bread and meat. "Thou art hungry, I know," he said; "when did thou eat?"

"Not since morning. To-day I was not hungry, I thought only of seeing thee again."

At first neither spoke of the subject nearest to Jan's heart. There was much to tell of people long known to both men, but gradually the conversation became slower and more earnest, and then Snorro began to talk of Peter Fae and his marriage. "It hath been a good thing for Peter," he said; "he looks by ten years a younger man."

"And Suneva, is she happy?"

"Well, then, she dresses gayly, and gives many fine parties, and is what she likes best of all, the great lady of the town. But she hath not a bad heart, and I think it was not altogether her fault if thy wife was——"

"If my wife was what, Snorro?"

"If thy wife was unhappy in her house. The swan and the kittywake cannot dwell in the same nest."

"What hast thou to tell me of my wife and son?"

"There is not such a boy as thy boy in all Scotland. He is handsomer than thou art. He is tall and strong, and lish and active as a fish. He can dive and swim like a seal, he can climb like a whaler's boy, he can fling a spear, and ride, and run, and read; and he was beginning to write his letters on a slate when I came away. Also, he was making a boat, for he loves the sea, as thou loves it. Oh, I tell thee, there is not another boy to marrow thy little Jan."

"Is he called Jan?"

"Yes, he is called Jan after thee."

"This is great good news, Snorro. What now of my wife?"

Snorro's voice changed, and all the light left his face. He spoke slowly, but with decision. "She is a very good woman. There is not a better woman to be found anywhere than Margaret Vedder. The minister said I was to tell thee how kind she is to all who are sick and in trouble, and to him she is as his right hand. Yes, I will tell thee truly, that he thinks she is worthy of thy love now."

"And what dost thou think?"

"I do not think she is worthy."

"Why dost thou not think so?"

"A woman may be an angel, and love thee not."

"Then thou thinks she loves me not? Why? Has she other lovers? Tell me truly, Snorro."

"The man lives not in Lerwick who would dare to speak a word of love to Margaret Vedder. She walks apart from all merry-making, and from all friends. As I have told thee, she lives in her own house, and enters no other house but the manse, unless it be to see some one in pain or sorrow. She is a loving mother to thy son, but she loves not thee. I will tell thee why I think." Then Snorro recounted with accurate truthfulness his last interview with Margaret. He told Jan everything, for he had noted everything:—her dress, her attitude, her rising colour, her interest in the locket's chain, her indifference as to his own hurried journey, its object, or its length.

Jan heard all in silence, but the impression made on him by Snorro's recital was not what Snorro expected. Jan knew Margaret's slow, proud nature. He would have been astonished, perhaps even a little suspicious of any exaggeration of feeling, of tears, or of ejaculations. Her interest in the locket chain said a great deal to him. Sitting by his side, with her fair face almost against his own, she had drawn the pattern of the chain she wished. Evidently she had remembered it; he understood that it was her emotion at the recognition which had made her so

silent, and so oblivious of Snorro's affairs. The minister's opinion had great weight with him. Dr. Balloch knew the whole story of his wrong, knew just where he had failed, and where Margaret had failed. If he believed a reconciliation was now possible and desirable, then Jan also was sure of it.

Snorro saw the purpose in his face. Perhaps he had a moment's jealous pang, but it was instantly put down. He hastened to let Jan feel that, even in this matter, he must always be at one with him:

"Trust not to me," he said; "it is little I know or understand about women, and I may judge Margaret Vedder far wrong."

"I think thou does, Snorro. She was never one to make a great show of her grief or her regrets. But I will tell thee what she did when thou wert gone away. In her own room, she wept over that chain the whole night long."

"That may be. When little Jan had the croup she was still and calm until the boy was out of danger, and then she wept until my heart ached for her. Only once besides have I seen her weep; that was when Suneva accused her of thy murder; then she took her baby in her arms and came through the storm to me at the store. Yes, she wept sorely that night."

Jan sat with tightly drawn lips.

"If it will make thee happy, send me back to Lerwick, and I will bring thy wife and child safely here. Thou would be proud indeed to see them. The boy is all I have told thee. His mother is ten times handsomer than when thou married her. She is the fairest and most beautiful of women. When she walks down the street at the minister's side, she is like no other woman. Even Peter Fae is now proud that she is his daughter, and he sends her of the finest that comes to his hand. Shall I then go for thee? Why not go thyself?"

"I will think about it, Snorro. I cannot go myself. I received my promotion yesterday, and I asked to be transferred for immediate service. I may get my orders any day. If I send thee, I may have to sail without thee, and yet not see my wife and child. No, I will not part with thee, Snorro; thou art a certain gain, and about the rest, I will think well. Now we will say no more, for I am weary and weak; my head aches also, and I fear I have fever again."

The next day Jan was very ill, and it was soon evident that typhoid fever of a long and exhausting character had supervened on a condition enfeebled by African malaria. For many weeks he lay below the care of love or life, and indeed it was August when he was able to get on deck again. Then he longed for the open sea, and so urged his desire, that he received an immediate exchange to the ship *Hydra*, going out to Borneo

with assistance for Rajah Brooke, who was waging an exterminating war against the pirates of the Chinese and Indian seas.

The new ship was a very fine one, and Jan was proud of his command. Snorro also had been assigned to duty on her, having special charge of a fine Lancaster gun which she carried, and no words could express his pride and joy in his position. She was to sail on the 15th day of August, one hour after noon, and early in the morning of that day Jan went off the ship alone. He went direct to the Post Office, and with trembling hands, for he was still very weak, he dropped into it the following letter:

My dear Wife—My fair dear Margaret: I have never ceased to love thee. Ask Dr. Balloch to tell thee all. To-day I leave for the Chinese sea. If thou wilt forgive and forget the past, and take me again for thy husband, have then a letter waiting for me at the Admiralty Office, and when I return I will come to Shetland for thee. Snorro is with me. He hath told me all of thy goodness, and about our little Jan. Do what thy heart tells thee to do, and nothing else. Then there will be happiness. Thy loving husband,

Jan Vedder.

A few hours after this letter had been posted Jan stood on his quarter-deck with his face to the open sea, and Snorro in his new uniform, elate with joy and pride, was issuing his first orders to the quarter-master, and feeling that even for him life had really begun at last.

A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while to face the storm,
And breast the angry billow,
And Christ shall whisper, "Peace, be still;"
And, ransomed by our Lord's sweet will,
His breast shall be our pillow,
And fear the heart no more shall fill.

A little while! take heed, my soul,
The words of love and warning,
That ere thou reach the appointed goal
Thou go to Christ and be made whole,
And enter heaven's bright morning,
Where never threatening billows roll.

THEORIES OF THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., ETC.

DEEPLY interesting to man as is the question of the mode of origin of the living things of the earth from the beginning until now, that problem is far sublimer, and has an immensely firmer hold upon human imagination, which seeks to grapple with the mode of origin of all things; the manner in which creative Power wrought, and by what laws He operated "in the beginning" in initiating and carrying on the production of the material and mental universe.

That there was "a beginning" most modern philosophers allow, and physical science insists: but "in the beginning" according to science, what? Inevitably a Beginner: and to the majority of thoughtful men, One who was greater than, competent to, and conscious of, the results of His creative power and purpose, as we know them. But the manner in which the great Power wrought, *how* matter, operated upon by force, was made to reach the splendours of the heavens we know, and the beauty and adaptations of the earth we dwell upon, has been a question which has stirred and incited to ingenuity and research, the mind of man, in every age.

Amongst the earliest philosophers, creation was considered and dealt with as a direct act—a fiat—instantly fulfilled. Time is so essential an element in *man's* action, something so irresistible and inalienable from *anything* which he does, that the conception of awful incomprehensible greatness and power, appeared to hinge upon a defiance of, or superiority to, the time-element of the universe as a man knows it. It is true that a thousand years are to Him as one day: but this very fact implies his up-liftedness in relation to time. He is above time; for time is *included* in the un-beginning and un-ending NOW of His eternity. The birth-time, life-time and death of constellations, with all their suns and systems, is an eternally known, and *in His being*, unmeasured incident in the all things. Pendulums beat time in the universe that is "born" and "dies;" but the time is, so to speak, *to* the universe that marks by its movement and its decadence its own duration, not to the timeless being of God.

Hence has arisen *investigation* into created nature, as a mode of *discovering* whether or not the manner of the creative action was displayed in the creation: and the result of that search, conducted in the main by men reverent, earnest, and solely truth-seeking, has been a discovery of sequence, progression, advancement from the simple to the complex, with consecutive adaptation always visible, and the time-element enormously utilized.

The modern philosophical result is to consider the facts of nature as presenting evidence of a *process*, rather than a *timeless act*, as the manner of the Deity in creating. Not an act—timeless, and finished as a timeless product; but the rather "He *commanded, and it stood fast:*" that is, as in our

weak anthropomorphism we can only conceive, He gave a law, a method, to matter and to force, and it *became everlasting*, changeless, because the expression of His perfect wisdom and omnipotent will: "it stood fast;" operating through all the unending cycles the progressive movements of the universe measured: but unalterably *included in* His eternal now.

Largely theology has accepted this view: it has recognized the probability of the Nebular theory, and the certainty of the vast epochs of time demanded by the geological processes of the past. But it was a hard struggle. Yet one is fain to ask: "Need it have been so?" No doubt the answer of theology is a valid one: that to guard the interests of the highest truth it must admit with the extremest caution and after much sifting and analysis merely speculative explanations of natural phenomena and facts that have an apparently adverse tendency to theology itself. But it would have been to the interests of the highest truth if the older theologians had acted with the same caution. Their reception of the science of *their day*, as the proper interpretation of Scripture statement and allusion, has given rise to vast mental conflict. Subsequent polemics have been contentions for the ancient interpretation, more often than for the integrity of the matter interpreted: and in this there has been peril. Surely the passages, indicating in the Hebrew Scriptures epochs or periods of duration, need not be rendered "days," if the facts of nature disallow such rendering? There is quite as much of the philosophy and science of the translators' age in the rendering of יוֹם in the fifth and following verses in the first chapter of Genesis by "day," as there is of the inevitable Hebrew meaning. Hence it was subsequently argued that there was no necessary divergence in the Hebrew record and the demands of geology, and even the Nebular theory.

But it may always assure earnest men of Christian faith that there is no destroyer of scientific falsehood like science itself. The whole impulse of science is a search for the truth. In a great doctrine like that of Laplace or that of Charles Darwin, it is science itself that will lay bare its falsehood, if it have any.

The necessity for a great theory like that of Laplace for explaining on physical terms the original condition of the physical universe, will be recognized in each succeeding age with greater and greater emphasis; but new facts, broader knowledge, may make the *interpretation* of Laplace worthless. Meantime, however, theology having once become neutral to it, rests where it was. But progressive science is as fearless of the theory of Laplace as of any other, and proceeds to subject its data and assumptions to the most searching comparison with the growth of physical knowledge. This has been the case historically; and as a result the Nebular theory has been shown to be wanting in elements of coherence and consistency which imperil its existence as a logical explanation of what we see and know.

The Nebular theory goes further than true science ever ventures, as such, to go, because in some sense it seeks to explain "*the beginning*." Gaseous matter, expanded enormously by heat, containing the elements and energies that by law are to produce the things of heaven and earth,—

this is the nature of this key of the mystery of our universe. But there is no explanation of how the heat originated: and there are no physical causes of heat which we know of, now operative, that, so far as we can at present see, *could* have given it origin.

But if we are content without explanation to accept the gaseous matter, heated into a fiery cloud we know not how, yet it has, according to the theory, to rotate on its axis; but even if gravitation be assumed also, gravity among its particles will not cause it to rotate. It is an established principle of physics that rotatory motion cannot be produced by any system of bodies by their mutual gravity alone.

Hence, unless we invoke other aid, the fiery cloud won't turn, it won't revolve; and that is an essential of the whole theory.

Suppose, however, that the "cloud" existed, that the heat existed, and that it could so turn, yet it can be shown that it could not account for the stellar universe; for the facts of astronomy run counter to what must have been the issues. If, then, it only applies to the solar system, it is said that it would mean that the present matter of the system must have been expanded to the inconceivable amplitude of ten thousand trillion times its present volume, and the gaseous matter must have been several trillion times thinner than air.

Now the temperature required to produce such expansion as against the gravity of the whole mass cannot be conceived. But if it could, the action of gravity on the margin of such a mass would be incompetent to compel allegiance. The force of gravity exerted by the whole mass of the supposed solar nebulæ upon the molecules of its own outer surface at, say a distance of ten billion miles from the centre, would be so small that any particle projected outwards with a velocity of about four hundred feet only in a second, would never return. The tendency, therefore, would not be to condense (!) as the theory demands, but to expand, as it were, by desertions, into infinite space.

As to the extreme tenuity of the gaseous fire cloud, it is certain from the researches of such modern physicists as Crookes that it is by no means inconceivable. But we must not assume that in such a state of tenuity gases act as they do in normal, or even ordinarily modified conditions. Mr. Crookes has shown that, when gases are reduced to about one-millionth of their common density, they acquire properties of a wholly unexpected kind. What, then, must be the result of expansion to trillions of times their present density? Clearly, to predicate would be futile empiricism. In truth, therefore, facts not known at the time Laplace devised his theory now render it illogical.

It is admitted now universally that Laplace's explanation of how the planets might have been formed from the atmosphere of the sun is not mathematical enough to be even in itself conclusive; and it is suggested that the solar atmosphere would, under the conditions supposed by Laplace, condense into swarms of small bodies like the asteroids filling the whole space now occupied by the planets.

Moreover, the nebulæ as a rule do not present the symmetry which the theory demands; while the double stars and the rings of Saturn, which are

composed of swarms of small particles, offer better illustrations of the Nebular hypothesis than are found otherwhere in the facts and phenomena of the solar system generally.

We may proceed to look for a moment at the nature of the problem which has to be solved by any cosmogony based on the conception of the Divine utilization of a physical *process*, as distinct from a timeless act. The Universe, so far as it is within our ken, must be studied, and its facts interpreted. If the process of "explanation" does not include and explain what we see, it is merely empirical and self-destructive. It is the very remarkable inclusion of a large number of the known phenomena of the Universe, and their satisfactory explanation, that has given such power, in spite of its great primary assumptions, to the theory of Laplace.

Hence it will be well to look at the main features of the great problem which it is the function of the theory to satisfy. It is not possible to get any true idea of the relations of the bodies of the Solar system from a mere observation of their appearances and movements as usually seen. To comprehend all that is known of the system of which our sun is the centre, it must be borne in mind that, for practical purposes, the sun may be looked upon as a fixed body, but around him at varying distances revolve eight primary bodies known as Planets: of these there are six that are known to be accompanied by satellites or moons. Now the sun, although the central body, revolves on his axis; and he does so from right to left. *All* the planets move around the sun in the same direction, and in nearly the same plane as that in which the sun rotates, and thus the orbits of the planets are ellipses that make very close approximation to circles.

We have here, no doubt, what seems to be most rationally accounted for on the assumption of one great rotational movement of some primary mass, out of which the sun and the planets arose. That is, that the creative method was—by means of a stupendous vortical movement in some intensely heated and rare matter possessed of a potentiality for forming what we know as the inorganic elements of the universe—at least, as it became cooler, to throw off from itself other masses of matter which would, in their turn, not only revolve about the central body, but also would revolve each on its own axis, and therefore would again throw off other bodies, in their turn subservient to these secondary bodies and revolving round them.

Now it is known that such gaseous bodies do exist in the universe. They are proved to be gaseous, and to consist largely of carbon in an incandescent state, by the analysis of the spectroscope. Their light is extremely faint, and they require considerable telescopic power to detect them. Some of these have had their forms accurately mapped from time to time, and reveal the clearest evidence of change of form of an almost inconceivably rapid and powerful kind. Moreover, their shapes are extremely remarkable. Some of them are globular or disc-formed, others oval or even spindle-shaped. In the constellation Lyra is a remarkable ring-shaped nebula, with a fringe about its outer margin. In Scorpio there is a clear nebulous ring; and the nebular near γ Andromedæ is a vast cosmical cloud of this

kind shaped like a shuttle ; and in Canis Venetici is a double ring with a globe of cloud in its centre, and another vast cloud-globe rather farther from its ring than the ring is from the centre. It is quite impossible to convey any idea of the inconceivably vast dimensions of this wonderful body. The depths into space which we are penetrating to behold it are equally incapable of expression and imagination. There is another great spiral cloud in the constellation of the Virgin ; also in Leo and Pegasus. Besides these, there are others of great variety of form and luminosity ; they feign, in some cases, the regularity of shape of the planets, and in others appear as tortuous as a serpent. There seems little reason to doubt that some of these are actually in process of condensation into stars.

The theoretical process is, that the spirals of a whirling, nebular spot are formed into concentric rings governed by a common rotatory movement. But in such a system there must be differences of velocity in a line drawn from the centre ; and on account of the mutual attraction of their parts, these differences produce vortices, since the various parts follow the same general direction with differing velocities, which ultimately result in the absorption of the matter of the rings. A nebular mass is thus formed, and is possessed of rotational movements in the same direction as the ring, and in turn produces again one or more satellites revolving in the same direction and in the same plane.

It is a striking fact that the planet Saturn has still revolving round it a system of rings of this kind, which have never yet been either broken up or changed into a satellite.

The explanation thus appears complete, save for the difficulties suggested in the early part of this paper. But in truth there is a peculiarity to be accounted for which was not contemplated by Laplace. The two outer planets of the system, for example, Uranus and Neptune, are now known to have "retrograde" movements ; that is, they revolve in the reverse way to the rotation of their primaries. This seems absolutely adverse to the theory of Laplace. The planets must have been thrown off, by that theory, in a direction of motion, and with a rotation corresponding with that of the sun. It must have been precisely so with the satellites.

Now M. Faye has supplied what appears to be the missing link in this theory, and which really, so far as it extends, appears to meet the difficulty.

In the original spherical nebular mass, gravitation is modified in direct relation to the distance of the matter acted upon from the centre. But the central body—the sun—after rings had once been formed, and broken so as to form new and secondary bodies, would attract to itself all the matter not used up by such secondary bodies ; in this way an empty space would be formed around the sun. By this means, it is argued, the gravitation of the interior of the system was wholly altered. By the existence of an enormous separate solar body, the internal gravitation was changed, not in the direct ratio of the distance but inversely as the square of the distance from the centre. This is what still exists.

The manner of the revolution of a ring of diffused matter becomes com-

pletely different in these circumstances ; although it need not cease to exist, as is seen in Saturn. But whilst, according to the formerly existing law of gravitation, the linear velocity of revolution in these rings increased with the distance, the velocity, according to the second law, decreased in proportion to the square root of the distance.

When, therefore, in the former case, the ring became transformed into a secondary system, namely, a planet and satellites, the rotation and revolution of both would be in the same direction as the original ring ; but in the second case, where the velocity has decreased in proportion to the square root of the distance, the secondary system formed would be retrograde.

This addition to the Nebular hypothesis is certainly an adaptation of it to the exigencies of modern knowledge. But it does not in the least meet the difficulty of an assumed beginning. As a method of creative action, it is a conceivable one : but the need of not only a beginning, but also of a competent Beginner, is palpable.

But this view of things makes *the earth older than the sun.* This is an incident in the history of cosmogonies founded on strict science ; and it is in singular agreement with the cosmogony of Genesis. But this is not all : if this interpretation of the theory be correct, the facts which are presented by Geology and Biology would be much more satisfactorily dealt with. Even a tropical flora at the poles is said to be conceivable with the sun as a vast rarefied mass extending as far as the present orbit of Venus. Certainly if it be true that in the scientific evidence before us there is proof that the earth is older as a world than the sun is as the complete centre of the present solar system, many difficulties are moved out of the way of Mosaic cosmogonists.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

CHRISTIAN, not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian angel say :
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one,
Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down,
Watch and pray.

—*Charlotte Elliot.*

Current Topics and Events.

Evangelism.

This is in all ages the great duty of the Church—to preach the glad evangel, the "good news" of the Gospel. Never is the Church so successful, never does it so fulfil its mission as when engaged in aggressive soul-saving work. If ever it become so conservative, so dignified, that it is out of sympathy with active evangelism, then "Ichabod" is written upon it; it is dying of respectability. It is the special glory of Methodism that it is an evangelistic Church. Revival is its vital air. It reaches its true ideal when it is a continual revival. To this end all things else—fine churches, tuneful choirs, eloquent preaching—are but means. To regard them as anything else would be to glorify an engine that, however polished and beautiful, could do no work. Methodism in its most glorious days was a revival flame, that swept the land and kindled men's souls with a fire of zeal, and melted all hearts with its heavenly glow.

One element in the success of Methodism has been the flexibility of its mode of operation, its power of adaptation to varying circumstances. This enables it to adapt its ministrations, without losing its fervour, to the cultured and wealthy city congregation, to the frontier hamlet, to the fishing village, the mining camp, the Indian mission, or the squalid purlieus of poverty. From its social sympathies, the warmth of its affections, the amount of *heart* it manifests, it is especially adapted to the lowly and the poor. Among them its most signal triumphs were achieved and many of its noblest trophies won. It is to be feared that to some degree it has lost the hold that it once had upon this class. In the great cities it has developed a highly organized Church life, and has attracted many of the refined and wealthy classes. Whether rightly or wrongly, the idea is sometimes entertained among the poor that they are not as welcome in our elegant modern churches as they were in the quaint, old-fashioned, homely meeting-houses of an earlier day. It is the duty of the rich to disabuse their poorer neighbours of this idea by a warmth of cordiality that shall convince them that in the house of God the rich and poor meet together and realize that the Lord is the maker of them all.

But more than this we deem is necessary. The Church, as in the earlier days, should go out into the highways and compel, with a kindly Christian compulsion, the unchurched masses to come to the house of God. It should go to neglected neighbourhoods and establish cottage prayer-meetings, and open mission halls, and plant Sunday-schools, and, if need be, sing the Gospel through the streets, as with signal success it has often done in the past. Under the guidance of the zealous evangelist, the Rev. Price Hughes, English Methodism is organizing for this very work amid the unchurched thousands and tens of thousands of the crowded city of London, and with most encouraging and marvellous success.

Is there not room for a grand aggressive movement of this sort on this side of the sea? Is Methodism in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto, reaching the masses, and moulding their life as it might? This is a work in which the lay talent of the Church might find profitable scope for its energies and employment for its zeal. Half the people in our churches are suffering for want of something to do. Their Christian life is a mere passive and receptive one, instead of being an active and energetic one. It would give wonderful vigour and vivacity to our Church life if every member had something definite to

do in promoting the kingdom of God, and if he did it every day. We rejoice to hear of organized bands of Christian workers in connection with some of our churches, who go to neighbouring villages and into the country and engage in direct revival effort. We have been greatly impressed with the efficiency and success of the bands of young people —full of Christian zeal and energy— who, under the wise direction of the Rev. David Savage, have been instrumental in leading twenty thousand souls to the Saviour. We rejoice that in almost all the Conferences there are brethren of special gifts and adaptations specially set apart for the work of an evangelist—men who become "experts" in their holy calling, and who go from circuit to circuit to assist the Circuit Superintendent in his work—not wandering stars, irresponsible and often uncontrollable, but our own brethren, of whose soundness of doctrine we have the strongest guarantees, and who are in every respect amenable to the wise discipline of the Church. We rejoice that in Toronto, at least one Methodist church has, we believe, for two years been open every night in the week for evangelistic work, and that during that time a continuous revival has been in progress. We trust that more and more the spirit of intense and fervid revivalism shall pervade the Church of Christ in all its branches, till the whole world shall be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

The General Conference.

It was a wise as well as devout act of the General Superintendents of our Church and the Presidents of the several Conferences to invite the members and well-wishers of the Church to observe a day of special prayer and intercession for the presence and guidance of the Holy Spirit in the deliberations of the approaching General Conference. Most important interests are to come before that body, interests concerning which there may be wide differences of opinion among its members. There may be questions difficult to solve. But if these questions are approached in the spirit of prayer and of humble dependence on the wisdom which cometh down from above, they will prove more easy of solution than by any amount of the mere dry light of intellectual discussion. Earnest prayer wonderfully clarifies the intellect, and removes prejudice and enlarges the sympathies, and broadens the horizon, and deepens the spiritual insight. The power of prayer was signally felt both during the sessions of Union Committee and in the Belleville Conference, and we doubt not that if the members of the approaching General Conference come together in the spirit of dependence on divine guidance, and feel that their hands are sustained by the prayers of the Church, as were those of Moses by Aaron and Hur, that all difficulties will be successfully overcome, and that great grace and benediction shall rest upon that assembly and shall follow its deliberations.

Help for Japan.

We are sure that our readers will peruse with profound interest Dr. Eby's stirring paper on the present religious crisis in Japan. It is true of Churches as of individuals, that there is a tide in their affairs which, taken at its flood, leads on to signal success. We covet for our Church the honour of rising to the height of her privilege and duty in this respect. A pressing need of the hour seems to be a public hall in the city of Tokyo, the heart and brain of the empire, where men like Drs. Eby and Cochran may reach the intellectual classes of the community, and mould and sway their minds in favour of the Gospel of Christ. Such was signally the effect of Dr. Eby's admirable series of public apologetics in that city, and we trust that the means may be provided for securing such a hall as is needed to enable him thus to sway the capital and influence the empire, instead of being lost in little chapels in back streets, where the people could not get in even if they knew where to find them. Our zealous

missionary, now on furlough among us, seems especially qualified for this work, as his published volume of Lectures bears evidence, and our Church in Japan is placed in a proud position by remarkable success of its schools and by his success as lecturer and preacher on these great themes. We regret that his health has been so impaired by his labours, and trust that he be so restored as to do valiant battle for the truth in the land that he loves so well.

Summer Vacations.

The practice of taking a short summer vacation is becoming every year more common among the toilers in the city's busy hives. Almost every mercantile establishment arranges to let its employees have a week or a fortnight off during the sultry season. Where this is not practicable, the early closing movement or the Saturday half-holiday furnishes the opportunity for rest and relaxation—re-creation in its true etymological sense—for the weary workers in factory or store. With this movement we are in hearty sympathy. The o'erstrung bow will break at last. It will recover elasticity and strength by being for a time relaxed. Provision is being made near all the centres of population, by means of parks and summer resorts, for the enjoyment of the pure air and green fields—for getting near to nature's heart and, Antæus-like, recovering strength from the embrace of mother-earth. Those whose happy lot is cast in the country can scarce conceive the deep delight the denizens of the crowded city enjoy at the sight of the broad uplands waving with green or golden grain ; of the deep umbrageous woods ; of the wealth of sunlight flooding the fields ; of the silent shadows stealing across the landscape. It gives tone to jaded nerve and brain, and brings colour to the cheek and strength to the frame.

Yet sometimes summer resorts become occasions of dissipation, mental and physical, instead of restoration. An unhealthy craving after excitement and diversion becomes as wearing as work. We rejoice at the multiplication of summer resting places under wholesome Christian auspices, such as are found at Grimsby Park—where we write—and at Wesley Park, St. Lawrence Central Camp Ground, and the whole chain of Chautauqua Assemblies from Framingham, Mass., to the Yosemite. Here rest and recreation, and instruction, and religious improvement are delightfully combined—the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of expense. It is a great mistake for busy people to seek rest in doing nothing. They will find it the hardest work they ever did. Better take up some useful reading, or light study, and do something at it every day. Life is too short and time too precious to waste it in idleness. In one vacation we read the whole of Macaulay's History. In another the whole of Gibbons' Rome. At present we read and write till about four, and then go for a long tramp over the hills. The evenings are given to social enjoyment, and religious or other meetings. The days pass very fast, and we realize that

> Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose.

The Wealth of Nature.

Few things more strikingly impress the dweller in the town or city as he comes into unwonted contact with the seemingly infinite variety of life in the country than the wonderful wealth of nature. It fairly teems with life, of strangely varied form and beauty, and most marvellous adaptation to the conditions of its existence. As I sit beneath a tree in this beautiful Grimsby Park, within reach of my hand, without moving from the spot, I count eighteen distinct species of plants. On the tree against which I lean are eight distinct species of lichens. If I sit still a moment I find the insect life swarming round me still more varied in species. Under my glass the wonders of leaf, and flower, and seed, of a butterfly's wing or a fly's

eye, awaken admiration and delight. In the forest around me are

Lithe squirrels darting here and there,
While wild birds fill the echoing air
With songs of liberty.

As I walk through the country the strange variety of flowers and weeds, of many of which I am sorry to say I do not even know the names, amazes me. And this is only one of many successions of plant life on the same spot. During the season there are several such successions, from the early triliums and May-flowers of the spring to the russet mulleins of late autumn. There seems to be a continual struggle for existence of the varied forms of life around me, each tiny plant having sturdily to elbow its way among a number of eager competitors.

Heretofore my knowledge of nature has been derived chiefly from books, and I am ashamed that it is so meagre and unsatisfactory. It wonderfully takes the conceit out of a man to sit down among such teeming life and find how ignorant of its wonders he is. I think of Tennyson's flower in the crannied wall, of which he says :

"I pluck you out of the crannies ;
If I knew you all in all,
I should know what God is and man is."

The best of books is the open page of nature. If I sit perfectly still the little squirrels gambol fearlessly about me, and the shy woodpecker takes no heed of me, as with impatient rat-a-tat he raps on the hollow tree as if demanding if his insect prey, on which he purposes to make a meal, is at home. There a bird poises for a moment on a tall spray of goldenrod, swaying with the motion like a skilled acrobat, as he is. Now a strange insect has hopped upon my page, with a sort of hump on his back and no apparent head, but instead a sort of carapace or buckler, held like a Roman soldier's over his shoulder. How I wonder what he is. A magnificent coleopteran—a sort of insect Black Prince—in splendid dark bronze armour picked out with gleaming gold, hops by. Now an inquisitive hymenopteran, or something of the sort, runs over my hand, feeling all over its surface with his vibrant antennæ. What an extraordinary length of proboscis—if that is the name—this fellow keeps coiled up in his head like a watch-spring. Then a "daddy-long-legs"—I don't know his Latin name—races over the page. Now a "walking-stick" scurries over my sleeve. As he falls upon the ground I can scarce detect his figure, so closely does he resemble a dead twig. Others simulate withered and weather-stained leaves.

Then the varied sounds of nature's choir—a choir invisible for the most part—blend in such subdued harmony. First a soft "to-weet, to-weet," then a hoarse "caw, caw" of a crow, then a low, clear, sweet whistle, then a trill and warble surpassing the vocal gymnastics of a trained cantatrice ; and through all sings on the strident note of the grasshopper—a sort of insect Paganini playing his monotonous tune upon a fiddle of only one string—the self-same song that Sappho sang of two thousand years ago.

Behind and beneath this infinite wealth of life dwells the great Source of all things. In Him all nature lives and moves and has its being. Behind every secondary cause dwells God, the great First Cause of all, the underived Source of all energy and life, which are but manifestations of His will. "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works ! In wisdom hast Thou made them all ; the earth is full of Thy riches."

Lady Brassey's Donation.

It will be remembered that Lady Brassey has more than once laid the readers of this MAGAZINE under great obligation by her generous donation of valuable engravings for use in its pages. Through her distinguished courtesy the Editor has been permitted the use of *all* the engravings —nearly a hundred in number—of her popular "Voyage of the Sunbeam," and of a large number from her splendidly illustrated "Sunshine

and Storm in the East." Lady Brassey has recently published another book of travel, entitled "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties." It is one of the most sumptuously and splendidly illustrated books ever issued from the press. Lady Brassey has added to her former courtesies that of placing at the disposal of the Editor of this MAGAZINE a large selection of the most important and beautiful engravings of this book. A series of papers describing her adventures in the West Indies, the Spanish Main, South America, in "the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties," will be a prominent feature of this MAGAZINE during the coming year. Arrangements have also been made for a series of splendidly illustrated papers on "At the Antipodes," giving an account of the Greater Britain of the Southern Seas—Australia—with its unique types of life and remarkable development of British civilization under the Southern Cross. "Among the Spice Islands," another series of papers, will describe, with copious illustration, the strange, tropical scenery, and products, and life, of those unfamiliar regions—Java, and Sumatra, and Rajah Brooke's Sarawak. "On the C.P.R." will illustrate with numerous engravings some of the most striking Rocky Mountain and British Columbia scenery on the line of our great national highway from sea to sea. Another important series of papers, "In Bible Lands," beautifully illustrated, will also appear. Of special interest to every Methodist reader will be a paper on "Souvenirs of John Wesley," with engravings of many of the places and things with which he was intimately related. This partial enumeration of forthcoming attractions enables us to confidently announce that the next volume of this MAGAZINE will surpass in interest and importance any previous issue.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE EASTERN CONFERENCES.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND CONFERENCE.

This Conference met at Sackville and was favoured, as was also the Nova Scotia Conference, with the presence of the Rev. Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, who presided the first day, and then alternately with the President day by day. Rev. Dr. Stewart was elected President, and the Rev. Robert Wilson, Secretary. The choice of Journal Secretary fell on the Rev. C. Paisley.

Only one minister, Rev. J. W. Tait, was recommended for Ordination. The charge was delivered by the retiring President, the Rev. Job Shenton.

The Revs. D. Chapman and S. C. Wells were placed on the list of superannuate claimants. Five candidates for the ministry were received on trial.

Our brethren in this Conference vigorously sustain all the Connexional funds. The circuit contributions to the Superannuation Fund are in excess of the preceding year. There is an increase amounting to 1,102 members.

The Nova Scotia Conference met nine miles distant from Sackville. A union meeting of the Conferences was therefore held, which was a season of great social enjoyment. The opportunity was taken to dis-

cuss several important questions affecting the interests of both Conferences, and thereby secured united action respecting some questions that will come before the General Conference.

One painful case came before the New Brunswick Conference, of which the last has not yet been heard. A minister has been suspended and his case had to be disposed of, but before this could be done an injunction from the Supreme Court of the Province was served upon Dr. Williams and the members of the Investigating Committee, prohibiting them from further action until after the next meeting of the said Court, on pain of imprisonment should the injunction not be obeyed. It is a most marvellous affair. Surely the civil courts of the country do not possess power to prevent voluntary churches from investigating charges of immorality against their own members. The case will no doubt occupy the attention of the coming General Conference, and be the occasion of much grave consideration before it can be settled.

Three members of this Conference, viz., Revs. Dr. Pickard, F. Smallwood and J. V. Jost, will, if spared until next Conference, have completed the fiftieth year of their ministry. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a jubilee service to commemorate the event. The brethren of this Conference resolved to memorialize the General Conference to direct that in future circuit schedules shall be filled up on the basis of $750 as the salary of married ministers.

Nova Scotia Conference.

The writer of these notes regrets that all the information which he has received respecting the proceedings of this Conference is of a meagre description. Three probationers were received into full connection with the Conference and ordained. The Rev. Mr. Cassidy, the retiring President, delivered a most admirable ordination charge. Rev. Cranswick Jost was elected President. The increase in the membership was 1,144. All the funds were in advance; the Missionary Fund reported an increase of $1,200, or more than 11 per cent. The Rev. A. W. Nicholson, one of the ex-presidents, who retired from the active work a few years ago, has now returned to the pastorate. His eminent abilities both as a journalist and minister will make him a valuable accession to the pastorate of the Nova Scotia Conference.

The brethren of this Conference are alive to the importance of spreading sound Methodist literature among our people. The agent of an association was desirous to obtain access to the Methodist pulpits in the city of St. John to advocate the claims of his society, but the ministers promptly refused permission, as the publications of Methodism are generally ignored by the Book and Tract Societies.

Newfoundland Conference.

This Conference met at Harbour Grace on June 23rd and following days. The Rev. Geo. Boyd was elected President, and Rev. F. G. Willey, Secretary. Journal Secretary, Rev. W. Swan; Assistants, Rev. G. P. Story and Jabez Hill, Esq.

A Methodist Orphanage is about to be erected within the bounds of the Conference. A piece of ground very valuable for a site has been granted by the Government, and the Hon. C. R. Ayre informed the Conference that he hoped soon to be in a position to erect the orphanage himself. This was gratifying news to the Conference, inasmuch as hitherto Methodism has lost many children who for want of such an institution have found homes in the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic Orphanages.

The members of the Methodist Church in Newfoundland are remarkable for generosity. During the past year the ladies of St. Johns collected $800 over and above their subscriptions to other funds towards relieving the ministers who have been stationed on poor circuits, and whose receipts were inadequate to their necessities.

Three new missions were taken up. Three probationers were ordained. The ex-President, Rev. G. J. Bond, B.A., delivered the Ordination charge. Mr. Bond, though a youthful President, delivered an admirable address.

The Stationing Committee was compelled to leave six vacancies in its appointments, to supply which a cable despatch was sent to England for six young men.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Report of the Home Mission and Contingent Fund for the past year is a voluminous document, from which we make the following extracts. The names of 5,547 villages are on the various circuit plans, 837 have been added since 1860, and in 468 of these churches have been built. The membership in those villages is no less than 165,395, which is more than one-third of the entire Methodist membership of Great Britain. Since 1860 the net increase in the villages has been 35,464. The only district in which there has been a decrease is Cornwall, where the population has been largely reduced by means of emigration during the last twenty-five years.

The Irish Conference was recently held. Dr. Hunt, of New York, was present and delivered an eloquent fraternal address. Ten young men were received as candidates for the ministry; eight ministers had finished their course and died in the triumphs of faith. The Conference almost unanimously condemned Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. A most gratifying incident occurred, viz., Sir William McArthur offered, at his own expense, to erect a ladies' institute on the grounds of the Methodist College, Belfast, for the education of ministers' daughters and other Methodist ladies. Sir William is prepared to expend $75,000 on this object.

At the time of writing these notes the Wesleyan Conference is in session in London, England, in the old historic mother church of Methodism, City Road Chapel, in the house adjacent to which John Wesley died, and in whose graveyard he is buried. We have no detailed report of the Conference proceedings further than the cablegram that the Rev. Bishop Foss and the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church and our own Church, respectively, were received with distinguished courtesy. Bishop Foss in his patriotic address set forth the marvellous growth of his country and of Methodism therein, and claimed that America was destined to become the home of a great nation. The no less patriotic representative of our own Church took occasion to inform the Conference that America was destined to become the home of *two* great nations, and that our Canadian nation was territorially considerably the larger of the two.

The French Wesleyan Conference has resolved to undertake a foreign mission among the Kabyles, an interesting tribe in Algeria, who are represented as the descendants of early African Christians. The French Conference, notwithstanding its poverty, undertakes the whole financial responsibility of this mission.

The Wesleyan Methodists in the West Indies are celebrating their centennial. Dr. Coke with three missionaries landed at St. John's, Antigua, December 25, 1776, and there was established the first Wesleyan mission in the West Indies.

An English Methodist writes from Australia: "It cheers one's heart to see how widely Methodism has spread itself, and how firmly it has taken root in these colonies. There does not appear to be a town or village without a Methodist chapel or a 'Wesleyan Church' as it is called here."

Applications for foreign missionaries are more numerous than can be supplied. Recently one was sent from the neighbourhood of the Old Calabar River, Western Africa, signed by various chiefs, asking for the appointment of Christian evangelists.

An attempt is being made to establish a Wesleyan chapel and reading room at Rouen, France.

There is no other Nonconformist place of worship in the town, and the only English service on Sunday evening is held in a small room. Over 14,200 British seamen visited the port last year.

Of thirty-two counties in Ireland, there are but five in which Protestants predominate.

The Death Roll.

Rev. Thomas Brock, of Niagara Conference, died at Mount Forest on Sunday, July 18th. He had been partially laid aside from labour for some time by throat disease, but he did not anticipate until a short time before he died that his end was so near. He was on his way to Muskoka, where he intended to try the effect of the salubrious air of that region, and tarried for a few days among his old friends to whom he had formerly ministered in holy things. But his work was done, and the Master called him home. Our departed brother was a faithful servant of the Church, and for 28 years he had performed the duties of an itinerant minister, and was successful in turning many to righteousness. His widow and children mourn their loss, but to them, and hundreds of others, his memory is precious.

Rev. E. Wentworth, D.D. This distinguished man recently died at Sandy Hill, New York. He was born in 1813. He graduated at Wesleyan University, and was soon known as a distinguished professor in different colleges. In 1854 he went as a missionary to China, and after 8 years he returned home and laboured for several years in Troy Conference. He became editor of the "Ladies' Repository," for which important position his scholarly talents eminently qualified him. He was a frequent contributor to the Church periodicals, and was greatly esteemed for his varied attainments and saintly character.

Bishop Hannington. This true successor of the Apostles now belongs to the noble army of martyrs, for last October he was murdered in Africa by the poor degraded people whom he went forth to save. The martyr bishop was a native of England, and immediately after his conversion he chose the African mission field for the scene of his life-work. He was cordially received in his new diocese amid the rejoicings of the people. After six months' incessant labour he went forth on a missionary journey, intending to reach Uganda at the north of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The route was a dangerous one. He was accompanied by a native missionary. After three months travel he met the young king of Uganda, who had been incited against white men by the conduct of some Arab traders. The bishop and his attendants, fifty in number, were arrested by the king, and after eight days the native servants were speared, and the good bishop was shot with his own rifle.

Thus another brave servant of Christ falls at his post, but, when the news reached England, more than thirty volunteers were ready to rush into the breach.

Rev. John Houghton and his devoted wife must also be placed on the roll of the martyrs, for they have been put to death while pursuing their missionary career in East Africa.

Mr. Houghton was a native of Lancashire, England, where he was converted in the Methodist Free Church, and soon turned his thoughts to the ministry, for which he received a good education. At the call of the Church he went to Africa in 1884, accompanied by his heroic wife. They were the first Europeans who had settled in the Galla country. Mrs. Houghton was especially an object of curiosity to the natives.

In a few weeks a neighbouring tribe made a raid upon the Gallas and killed sixty of them, and four of the best and most trusted servants of the mission. Three months afterwards they returned and completed their work of devastation, in which both the missionary and his wife were put to death with several of their people.

Book Notices.

Weaver Stephen. Odds and Evens in English Religion. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. 8vo, pp. 298. London: Swan, Sonnenschein, LeBay & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.65.

In this book the brilliant pastor of the City Temple, London, appears in a new *rôle*. Of course anything coming from Dr. Parker will possess distinguished merit. The story of Weaver Stephen may be called a theological romance; but its chief merit is not its romantic interest. Like Canning's knife-grinder its author might say, "Story, God bless you, I've none to tell, sir." It is rather a series of graphic pictures of religious life in "Midtown," a characteristic English borough. These pictures range from the tenderest, tear-compelling pathos to the richest humour, if not indeed the broadest farce. Only a man of genius could have written the book; but his is a strange, erratic genius. The wit is at times somewhat elephantine and the humour resembles often rude horseplay. But mixed with this, like veins of gold amid rude ore, is a strain of finest poetry and profoundest piety.

This is pre-eminently a book about preachers and for preachers. The principal characters are the Baptist, Independent, and Church of England ministers of Midtown, with queer specimens of the laity. One of these proposes to convert the ungodly by giving pious names to the streets and houses: as Sabbath Street, Gospel Circus, Salvation Corner, Capernaum Villa, etc.

The chief purpose of the book is the cultivation of Christian charity, the promotion of Christian unity, and the burial of inter-denominational bigotry and strife. Thank God that the religious rancour that embittered Midtown society—the strife and alienation between Churchmen and Dissenters, and among the Dissenters themselves—is unknown in Canada. The Vicar's daughter, for instance, visits the Baptist conventicle and has to undergo a sort of moral quarantine therefor, as if she had been exposed to small-pox. Indeed, it is suggested that camphor is a good prophylactic in visiting such dangerous places. Dr. Parker is broad-minded enough to see both sides of the shield, to see that both parties have distinguished merits and serious faults, and pleads eloquently for what he calls an "Open Church" or a "Larger Church" which shall better than any existing organization "represent the generous freedom which ought to mark the boundary and function of Christ's Body the Church." For the Romanizing clergy of the Establishment he has no mercy. He has a rich confessional scene in which one of them comes off decidedly second best. One of the best characters in the book is a trusty but shrewish servant-maid, who has a poor opinion of deacons, "'Cause the moment they make a deeking of a man he gets as uppy and cheeky as the mayor and corporation, and so bounceable as you can neither hold him nor bind him."

W. D. Simpson, Methodist Minister and Missionary. By the REV. SAMUEL WRAY and REV. ROBT. STEPHENSON. With Portrait. Pp. 520. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The visit of the subject of this biography to the United States and Canada a few years ago will be remembered with pleasure by all who met or heard him. Before immense audiences at Chautauqua and elsewhere he made a very favourable impression upon the people. He was an ideal Methodist preacher; full of faith and of good works. The loving portraiture of his early life is

by his friend, the Rev. Samuel Wray, who has himself passed to his reward. Ten of the most eventful years of Mr. Simpson's life were spent as a missionary in India. He was there throughout the awful days of the mutiny. The record of those years is as interesting as a romance, and throws much light on mission life and mission work, their difficulties and dangers, their trials and triumphs. Returning to England he was occupied for fifteen years in some of the foremost circuits of the Connexion, and emphatically ceased at once to work and live. He died in the District Meeting in 1881, a few weeks after the death of his friend, Dr. Punshon, to whom he paid a loving tribute within a few minutes of his own death. Such noble lives as that here recorded make both earth and heaven the richer.

Education in Relation to Health. By DANIEL CLARK, M.D., Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

In this vigorous pamphlet Dr. Clark points out the imminent danger of permanently injuring the brain-power of the young by the prevalent practice of "cramming" at school and college. "At no time in the history of the world," he says, "has education been more diffused among the people, and at no period have nervousness, excitability, brain exhaustion, and insanity been so prevalent. It is well to consider, if there exists any connection, and if so, how much, between national nervousness and forced education, between juvenile brain tension and adult brain debility. It may be we are discounting the future by forcing mental growth in the young beyond the natural capacity." He points out the delicate structure of the brain and the important functions it has to perform. "Mental overstrains in youth and manhood," he says, "is becoming a peril to the more civilized races." His conclusions as to education are that it should be conducted somewhat as follows:

"1. No teaching beyond object lessons up to six years of age. 2. Object lessons with reading and writing up to nine years of age. 3. Reading, writing, arithmetic in its four primary divisions and geography up to twelve years of age. 4. The preceding, with history and primary arithmetic and grammar, up to fifteen years. 5. From this age such studies as will assist the girl in feminine duties and the boy to some definite employment or profession. 6. No studies in the evening until after fifteen years of age. 7. Three hours daily of school time up to nine years of age, four hours to twelve, and six hours until fifteen years of age. 8. After fifteen years of age studies to be intermingled with congenial and useful mechanical work. This to apply to both sexes."

The High Churchman Disarmed. A Defence of Our Methodist Fathers. By W. P. HARRISON, D.D. Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing House.

The author of this book, with whom we became acquainted at Richmond, in May last, is a quiet, plodding man, whose position as Book Editor of the Southern Methodist Church makes him widely conversant with literature. In addition to his numerous other duties is now added that of editing the *Southern Review*, which is to be issued six times a year instead of four as hitherto.

This book has been written in reply to certain authors of the "High Church" type, who are disposed to indulge in some little flings at Methodism, and as far as possible to disparage the founders of that system which has now become so widely diffused and well established, especially in America. Dr. Coke, who was empowered by the father of Methodism to found the present Methodist Episcopal Church, as well as John Wesley himself, have often been traduced by those who claim to be the lineal descendants of the Apostles.

Dr. Harrison has done his work well. His volume should have a wide circulation, and ought to have

a place in every Methodist Sunday-school library in the land. The young people of Methodism should be better conversant with the history of their Church than the majority of them are. No doubt the volume before us contains much controversy —this was unavoidable—nevertheless, the interesting facts narrated and the perspicuous style of the author prevents the book from being either dry or unattractive. We commend it most heartily.—E. B.

War and Peace. By COUNT LEON TOLSTOI. Pp. 290, 391. New York: William Gottsberger. Toronto: Willing & Co.

These are the concluding volumes of Tolstoi's great work, which enjoys the distinction of being probably the longest story ever written. It fills six volumes of about 2,000 pages. Like the country whose annals it illustrates, and the great military movements which it records, it may be described as colossal. The present volumes cover the period from the battle of Borodino to the fatal retreat of the French from Moscow, and an epilogue bringing the narrative down to 1820. The same vividness of description that marked the previous volumes characterizes also these. The account of the burning and sack of Moscow and of the horrors of the retreat are of photographic fidelity. We know not where else one will get such an insight into Russian life and character during this crisis of Russian history, as in this great work. Although it suffers from the effect of a double translation from the Russian through the French, it is yet rendered for the most part into racy, idiomatic English by that accomplished translator, Clara Bell.

The King's Treasure House; a Romance of Ancient Egypt. By WILHELM WALLOTH. From the German by MARY J. SAFFORD. Pp. 353. New York: William Gottsberger.

In this book Herr Walloth has met George Ebers on his own favorite ground, and has equalled, if not surpassed him in dramatic interest. The tale gives a graphic picture of the Egypt of the time of Moses, correct, we judge, in its archæological lore, and, what is more important, true to the primal instincts of the human soul—the same in every age. If we have any adverse criticism it is that the incidents are if anything *too* dramatic in their character, but we dare say that in that old Egyptian life the relations of the oppressed and oppressor were quite as striking and the results quite as tragical as here related.

Our Country: Its possible Future and Present Crisis. By JOSIAH STRONG, D.D. With an introduction by Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D. 12mo., paper, 25c.; cloth, 50c. New York: Baker & Taylor.

This remarkable book, published some four months ago by the American Home Missionary Society, has in that time, without any effort being made to sell it through the trade, or to advertise it, except in the Society's own Journal, passed through successive editions, until now the fifteenth thousand has just left the press.

The purpose of this volume is to furnish facts and arguments showing the imperative need of the evangelization of the land. It is a valuable hand-book on the great practical problems now facing the Church at every turn. The despotism and danger of excessive wealth, especially in monopoly, are forcibly depicted. At the same time the trouble with the working classes is fearlessly delineated. The closing chapter on "Money and the Kingdom," is a powerful argument for the cause of benevolence.

John Conscience of King-Seal. By JOHN M. BAMFORD. Pp. 226. London: T. Woolmer; and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Many readers will remember with pleasure a previous charming book—half story half allegory—by Mr. Bamford, "Elias Power, of Ease-in-Zion." In the present volume he further develops the rich vein he struck in

that work. We have graphic sketches of such characters as John Conscience, Mark Stable, Jim Crosscut, Mr. Smiles, Mr. Coin, Mr. Counterfeit, and others whose name is a label of their personal attributes, after the manner of the immortal Pilgrim's Progress. This sort of work needs to be very well done, or it is apt to be very ill done. In the former of these classes, we need not say, Mr. Bamford's work is. The charming vignettes and handsome binding enhance its interest. But its chief value is its intense religious earnestness.

Andrew Golding, a Tale of the Great Plague. By ANNIE E. KEELING. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Miss Keeling has caught admirably the quaint old phraseology of the Restoration. Her account of London during the Great Plague has a verisimilitude akin to that of Daniel Defoe, whose Diary of the Plague year has often been quoted as authentic history. The sketches of Quaker fanaticism and Quaker persecutions can all be easily paralleled in sober history. The book, like all the issues of the Wesleyan Conference Office, is elegantly gotten up —quite a work of art in its way.

The Pulpit Treasury. August, 1886. New York: E. B. Treat, 771 Broadway.

This magazine is now in the fourth year of its existence. It is specially deserving the attention of ministers and those who love homiletical literature. The sermons which we have read in this number are beyond the ordinary class of such productions. The *Pulpit Treasury* deserves a liberal patronage.

Illusions of the Senses, and other Essays. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Price 15c., by mail. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, 108 Chambers St., New York.

Here is a collection of essays by that most original and most versatile of the popular expositors of science. The essays upon psychological subjects—the problems of mind — are specially interesting and valuable; but those upon other subjects are hardly inferior in interest.

A Den of Thieves; or, The Lay-Reader of St. Marks. By MARY CRUGER. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25c.

This is a stirring temperance story, and issues with peculiar propriety from the same press which publishes *The Voice*, the foremost temperance paper of the day. The desperate nature and terrible consequences of the liquor traffic are strikingly set forth, and the blandishments with which the temptations to drink which beset the unwary on every side allure them to their ruin. The book is characterized by intense moral earnestness, though somewhat defective in literary skill in the construction of the story.

Anger: Its Nature, Causes, and its Cure. By the REV. W. H. POOLE, LL.D. New York: Cranston & Stowe.

This little book by our old friend, the Rev. Dr. Poole, is the substance of two sermons preached at the Simpson M. E. Church, Detroit. It shows that his pen has not lost its old time force and skill. The book will promote the graces of meekness, patience, and brotherly love among all who will heed its wise precepts.

The Chaldean Magician. By ERNST ECKSTEIN. New York: W. S. Gotteberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Dr. Eckstein's famous classic romances, Prusias and Quintus Claudius, will equal in learning and, we think, surpass in interest, Ebers' "archæological fictions." They reproduce the past in a very vivid and marvellous manner. The story under notice describes the tricks and frauds with which the charlatans of the third century imposed upon the credulity of their dupes—after the manner of their kind in the nineteenth.

THE REV. DR. NELLES ON FEDERATION.

As the official head of Victoria University, to whose labour and learning and wise administration, for over thirty years, its distinguished success is largely due, Dr. Nelles has a right that his position on the subject of Federation at the present important juncture should not be misapprehended. We understand that in the quotations from Dr. Nelles' Convocation Address of 1885, given in the August number of this MAGAZINE, there is, undesignedly, what Paley would call, "a want of argumentative justice." While quoting Dr. Nelles in support of Confederation, the article fails to indicate or to emphasize the *restrictions* under which he argued for the scheme, or the fact that there had not been received, either from the Government or from Toronto University, any definite concurrence in the kind of Federation for which he argued, and to which the Board of Regents committed itself in January, 1885. In his Convocation Address, Dr. Nelles expressly stated that his adhesion was to "the measure as accepted by our Board of Regents." The scheme as so accepted included especially several important features of which no guarantee has as yet been given, *e.g.* : It was a plan for the *Federation of all Ontario Universities*, or of the four leading ones at least, and also an Arts College proposed to be established by the Baptist denomination. Even on such a general Confederation, the Board of Regents gave only a conditional adhesion, one condition being "compensation for losses incident upon removal," etc.

These changed conditions of affairs must be taken into account in judging of the attitude of Dr. Nelles, and indeed of everyone else who expresses an opinion on this subject. The editorial in our last number was very hastily put together, just as the writer was leaving home, as a rejoinder to Dr. Sutherland's article against Federation, and was therefore largely made up of quotations from Dr. Dewart and Dr. Nelles. In making these quotations, however, there was no purpose to mislead as to the views of their writers ; indeed, no more recent utterance of either of them had been seen by the Editor of this MAGAZINE.

[This note was found to be too late for admission into the body of the MAGAZINE, and is, therefore, inserted as an inset].